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FRESH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT LIFE.

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THE LAW A SCHOOLMASTER. (151)

The Bible declaration that the law is a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, suggesting the educative power of law, is illustrated in a peculiar way by an incident which happened recently in the state of Delaware. An enterprising photographer of that state recently brought out an advertisement consisting of a small glass paperweight backed by a photograph which could have been taken in no other state in the union. Two men in a pillory, with a third tied to a post and in the act of being whipped, are the subjects of the photograph. Citizens of Delaware, no less than persons from other states, find the picture of interest, the sight of both pillory and whipping-post being a novelty even to those who pay taxes to support them. The photographer has been criticized by some for perpetuating in this way a thing that all rightminded persons feel to be a disgrace. Others uphold him. "However little good the whipping-post may do," said one woman, "I'm inclined to think that this picture of it may do a lot of good. My negro housemaid in dusting the library saw the paperweight with its photograph. 'For de Lord's sake, Mis' Blank,' she cried, her eyes bulging, 'is dat dat ar' whippin'-post I hearn tell so much 'bout? Is dat de way de' whips 'em?' Visibly, she was impressed. The graphic portrayal of what would happen to her if she stole had done its work, and, elementary as the ethics was, I'm sure my spoons have been safer ever since."

THE SWEETEST OF ALL PERFUMES. (152)

Perfumes have been precious in all ages. Greek tradition avers that perfume came direct from Venus' toilet, and receipts for essences were inscribed on marble tablets all about the temples of the goddess. Egypt was a great mart for all kinds of perfumes. The Jews' love of perfumes was so great that morning and night they burned sweet incense of myrrh, and beds were perfumed with aloes and cinnamon. The famous Balm of Gilead was distilled from a bush which formerly covered the mountains of Gilead, but which has in recent years become so scarce that only the Sultan can be supplied. But the most precious perfumery in the world, the fragrance that rises from a pure heart, and a loving spirit, are within the reach of every one of us. Heaven's Balm of Gilead, of which that made from Mount Gilead is only a type, is so costly that no millionaire on earth could buy it with money, and no Sultan or King or Emperor or Czar could command it with power, yet God gives it away freely to every repenting and faithful soul.

A CHEERFUL GIVER. (153)

We are assured in the New Testament that the Lord loves a cheerful giver, and nothing is more discouraging than to see people give for noble causes grudgingly. There is a little story told by the late Eugene Field which illustrates the thought:

When Lawrence Barrett's daughter was married, Stuart Robson sent a check for five thousand dollars to the bridegroom. Miss Felicia Robson, who attended the wedding, conveyed the gift.

"Felicia," said her father, upon her return, "did you give him the check?"

"Yes, father," answered the dutiful daughter.

"What did he say?" asked Robson.

"He didn't say anything," replied Miss Felicia, "but he shed tears."

"How long did he cry?"

"Why, father, I didn't time him; I should say, however, that he wept fully a minute."

"Fully a minute!" roared Robson. "Why, I cried an hour after I'd signed it."

THE SECRET OF PHILLIPS BROOKS' POWER (154)

Professor Alexander V. G. Allen, the biographer of Phillips Brooks, has a most remarkable paragraph on the conversion of the famous preacher in which he claims to have found the secret of the marvellous power exercised by that great and good man. Says Professor Allen:

"Throughout that wonderful career, during which for thirty years and more he exerted an almost unexampled spell over hundreds of thousands of his fellow men, it was felt that he had some secret of power which he did not or could not impart. That secret is here revealed, so far as the mystery of human things will allow in this story of what must be called his conversion. It is a conversion so deep, so thorough as to find its precedents only in the conversion of an Augustine, or of a Luther. . . . A new world had been revealed to him of which Augustine and Luther did not dream. He was reading, as in an open book, the new revelation in the world of science or by the insight of great poets. . . . In these directions he could not wander without making the effort to bring them into unity, to reconcile them with faith in God and obedience to the divine will. . . . To be true to himself, to renounce nothing which he knew to be good, and yet bring all things captive to the obedience of God, was the problem before him." This problem he solved when he made the absolute surrender of his will to God, in accordance with the example of Christ. "Lo I come to do Thy will, O God." This is the key to his subsequent life; he became an instrument in God's hands, as perfect an instrument as he knew how to be, and God used him for the highest and noblest ends. He yielded himself more and more fully to his divine leader and instructor, and his life-work grew in beauty and grandeur, in symmetry and beneficence to the end.

MORNING IN NATURE AND IN HUMAN LIFE. (155)

Wilfred Campbell in his new volume of poems has a beautiful song suggesting the power of God to bring morning again to a life that has gone down in darkness:

When I behold how out of ruined night
Filled with all weirds of haunted ancientness,
And dreams and phantasies of pale distress,
Is builded beam by beam, the splendid light,
The opalescent glory, gem bedight,
Of dew-emblazoned morning; when I know
Such wondrous hopes, such luminous beauties grow
From out earth's shades of sadness and affright;

O, then, my heart, amid thy questioning fear,
Dost thou not whisper: "He who builded thus
From wrecks of dark such wonders at his will,
Can re-create from out death's night for us
The marvels of a morning gladder still
Than ever trembled into beauty here?"

THE STANDPOINT. (156)

A great deal depends upon the standpoint of observation in determining what is most important to us. Herbert A. Giles, in his "History of Chinese Literature," relates a very interesting Chinese story which illustrates this thought.

A doctor who had mismanaged a case was seized by the family and tied up. In the night he managed to free himself, and escaped by swimming across a river. When he got home he found his son, who had just begun to study medicine, and said to him: "Don't be in a hurry with your books; the first and most important thing is to learn to swim."

THE SOFT ANSWER. (157)

A. St. Hill Gibbons, writing in the Geographical Journal in regard to his extensive explorations in Africa, declares that there has been a vast amount of unnecessary killing of human beings in Africa. During the last ten years the routes of Mr. Gibbons and his colleague exceeded twenty thousand miles, traveled beyond the reach of railroads, and mainly in the most remote parts of the Africa of today, yet no one of them has found it necessary to take a single human life, and Mr. Gibbons declares that he would have no compunction in traveling again unarmed over any part of those twenty thousand miles. This is an illustration of the great truth that a man arouses in an another man largely the same spirit which he shows in himself, illustrative of that proverb which says, "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

IS A CHRISTIAN THEATER POSSIBLE? (158)

Rev. Dr. Charles M. Sheldon makes an interesting suggestion in the New York Independent concerning what he calls the "Christian Theater." Mr. Sheldon says:

"By Christian theater I mean an institution distinctively and of set purpose organized to represent only those plays which would be regarded as Christian in the best sense of the word—not necessarily what would be called 'religious' plays, but plays as clean and sweet and wholesome as anything to be found in the clean, sweet and wholesome lives of the best Christian men and women in the world. And by Christian theater I would mean also a theater owned and controlled entirely by Christian people, as much so as any church organization. In addition to all that, I would mean also by Christian theater an institution

in which all the actors and actresses were decidedly and positively Christian men and women. The whole question of the theater has raised in my mind the possibility of a school for Christian actors and for Christian playwrights and Christian managers—in other words, a distinctively Christian theater where men and women of consecrated, devout, earnest Christian character would act only good plays.

"I cannot answer exhaustively my own question, Is a Christian theater possible? At the same time I do not see anything impossible in men and women being trained in the future, some time, to exercise their histrionic gifts for the purpose of making life sweeter, happier, stronger, and distinctively Christian."

Whatever the future may develop along this line there can be no difference of opinion among careful observers, that the atmosphere which surrounds the present theater is devilish, and its influence on the average play-goer is definitely to lower the moral tone.

THE ONLY SURE TALISMAN. (159)

The Emperor of Germany is always meeting with accidents, although on the middle finger of his left hand he wears a famous talisman which for centuries has been credited with a supernatural power to protect the wearer from evil and injury of all kinds. It is a dark-colored, square-shaped stone, set in a massive gold ring, and originally belonged to Saladin, from whom it was captured by a German knight under the walls of Jerusalem during the crusades. It afterward came into the possession of Ulrich, the Margrave of Nuremburg, who was the founder of the Hohenzollern family. This ring has been passed down from generation to generation, one of the most highly prized and interesting heir-looms of the dynasty, but the kings of Prussia of late generations have seldom worn it until it was inherited by the present Kaiser. It is a matter of discussion whether he wears it from superstition or ordinary interest. It has never left his finger since he came to the throne, although by this time he must have lost confidence in the protective power of the jewel. Nothing will save men and women in this world from many of the conditions of sickness and pain necessary to our life on earth. But there is a talisman that will make all the accidents, and pains, and sorrows of life to yield up to us something that is for our good and blessing, and bring us to a safe and satisfactory haven at the end. Paul describes it best of all when he says, "All things work together for good to them that love God."

THE OLD FACES. (160)

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has a pretty little song entitled "The Violet," in which she voices the cry of the heart for a vision and a renewed fellowship with those dear souls whom as Cardinal Newman phrases it, "We have loved long since and lost awhile." Mrs. Whitney sings:

God does not send us strange flowers every year,
When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back, the odor, grace and hue,
Each sweet relation of its life repeated;
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated,
It is the thing we knew.

So after death's winter it must be,
God will not put strange signs in heavenly places,
The old love shall look out from the old faces,
Veilchen! I shall have thee.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STRICT ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAW. (161)

A writer in the "Nineteenth Century" tells of an English minister who, on a visit to America, preached in one of the large jails, and after the service visited some of the prisoners in their cells. One case interested him especially, a man of good education and address, and seemingly of abilities fitted to command success in the world. The minister gave vent to his sincere distress at finding such a man in such a position. The prisoner cut in with the remark that he believed in England they were fond of fox hunting. The preacher, regarding it as a broad hint to change the subject, assented. "And may I ask," said the prisoner, "when a man gets a fall does he give up hunting?" On receiving a negative reply, he added, "I have had a bad fall, and no mistake; but I count on better luck another time." This case is very suggestive, for I am sure it is typical of a large class. There are thousands of men who are living criminal lives because they deliberately feel that they can afford to take the risk. If the risks were very much greater they would live honest lives. If every fox hunter ended by breaking his neck, fox hunting would be shunned, save by a few desperate men; and if criminals were hunted down with relentless honesty and determination, multitudes of men would be saved from lives of crime.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GIBRALTAR AND ITS FOUNTAIN. (162)

The English government have recently had cut four huge reservoirs out of the side of Gibraltar's rock, which are capable of storing some five million gallons of water. In the possible event of seige these reservoirs would be invaluable to the garrison. The Christian has a better arrangement than that. For Jesus Christ is not only "The Rock of Ages," a Gibraltar indeed, but out of that cleft Rock there is forever springing up a fountain of living water to supply all the thirst and needs of the human heart.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS. (163)

Mr. Whymper, the Alpine climber, who was first to ascend the Matterhorn, has arranged to visit Canada this summer, with a view to climbing some of the unconquered peaks in the Canadian Rockies. He is specially anxious to climb Mount Assiniboine, which in spite of many heroic attempts, has never been scaled. Mountain climbing is much like the struggles for heroic achievement in other lines. It is in the very nature of man when he is healthy and right in his spirit to aspire, and any man who climbs nobly in any department of human living is a benediction to the world, and makes it possible for other inspiring souls to reach loftier heights. Many men and women have gone up the Matterhorn since Whymper led the way, and so every noble man who climbs bravely in the realm of character and conduct blazes a path, after which many another climber will be led to behold the glorious vision, and breathe the free air of the mountain summit.

THE VALUE OF DECISION. (164)

A writer in the Cornhill Magazine recalls an interesting episode of the Indian mutiny:

At Lahore, on the night of May 12, three days before the date fixed for the mutiny, a military ball was to be held. This arrangement was not changed, lest the suspicions of the Sepoys should be aroused, and dancing was kept up till 2 o'clock in the morning. Then the officers at gray dawn hurried to the parade ground, where, by instructions issued the day before, the whole brigade was assembled, nominally to hear some general orders read. These were read in the usual fashion at the head of each regiment. Then some brigade manoeuvres followed, and these were so adroitly arranged that, at their close, the native regiments found themselves in quarter-distance column, with five companies of a British regiment, the Eighty-first, opposite them in line, the guns being still in the rear of the Eighty-first. In a single sentence, brief and stern, the order was given for the native regiments to "pile arms." The Grenadiers of the Sixteenth, to whom the order was first addressed, hesitated; the men began to handle their arms; for one breathless moment it was doubtful whether they would obey or fight. But simultaneously with the words "Pile arms" the Eighty-first had fallen back, coolly and swiftly, between the guns, and the Sepoys, almost at a breath, found themselves covered by a battery of twelve pieces loaded with grape, the artillerymen standing in position with burning portfires, while along the line of the Eighty-first behind ran the stern order, "Load," and already the click of the ramrods in the muskets was heard. The nerve of the Sepoys failed! Suddenly they piled arms, and 600 English, by adroitness and daring, disarmed 2,500 Sepoys without a shot! What five minutes before had been a menace to the British power was made harmless.

You can whip the devil in the same way. James says that "If we resist the devil he will flee from us." If sin has gotten power over you, the way to break away from it and conquer it through Christ's help is to break with it completely. Don't undertake to break away from sin gradually; turn all your guns on it at once, and you shall come off through Christ's fellowship more than conqueror.

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY. (165)

Milton L. Murdock has a striking little poem illustrating the figure in Jeremiah which compares the human heart to clay in the hands of the divine Potter:

This is the potter who ever
With cunning hand toileth;
Mark how he never effaceth
And never despoileth.

Worthless and coarse to the sight
Seems the clay that he holdeth,
Warped and distorted the vessels
He patiently mouldeth.

Never a moment from care
And from labor he resteth,
Till, with his crucible's heat,
He his handiwork testeth.

Now, in the beauty of usefulness,
Doth he display them,
Now in the grandeur of
Purple and gold doth array them.

Listen, my brother, for this
Is the gist of my story;
These are the vessels the potter
Hath wrought for his glory.

Forth from the clay and the wheel
And the kiln he hath brought them;
Precious they are, ay, and worthy
The potter who wrought them.

A WORTHY AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE. (166)

The Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Miss Consuello Vanderbilt, was recently visiting Monte Carlo, where the great gambling den of the earth is carried on. While there the Prince of Monaco, who rules the rotten little plague spot, desired very much to meet the Duchess. But this conspicuous representative of America in British royalty, replied to the lady who approached her on the subject: "Tell him that, Prince though he is, there are some people who object to associating with a gambling-hell keeper." America would have a better reputation abroad if all her representatives took a similar stand on the side of righteousness.

THE COMFORT IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF BEING GENUINE. (167)

There is an innate satisfaction in the possession of the genuine. A society incident has been recently related telling the story of how the hostess at an evening party was admirably set off by a delicately tinted tea rose, fragrant, modest and bewitching, which peeped

out from the artistic coils of her hair. Many eyes followed her with admiration. Among the guests was a young matron of classic features and raven hair. As it happened, she was the only one of the invited who wore a rose in her hair. A blood red specimen gleamed and shone in the folds of its dusky environment, and the woman was very good to look upon as she moved across the room. Others had carried bouquets in their hands, but she alone wore a rose in her hair. Yet she was not happy. She felt that the hostess had outstripped her in the matter of hair ornament. When admiring glances were turned her way she heeded them not, because she imagined they were comparing glances and not signs of approval; that their casters were contrasting her unfavorably with the hostess, who wore the tea rose. And so, after a time, when the hour for going home came, the young matron, slipping into her sealskin, was moved, in spite of herself, to concede to the hostess:

"Good night, dear. And how charming you looked with that lovely rose in your hair."

"Oh, I am so glad you liked it," said the other, in an embarrassed sort of way. She hesitated a minute, glanced at the red rose on the head of her guest, and then said, "Of course, you know it is imitation."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the caller.

"Yes, and I have been embarrassed all evening thinking how unnatural it must look beside your lovely red rose."

"Oh," said the young woman, in a burst of unwonted frankness, "mine's artificial, too." And all the way home she felt better than she had felt during the evening.

This little incident suggests a very great truth, that no deep and abiding peace can ever be enjoyed by any man or woman who is conscious that at the heart their goodness is a sham. Only in conscious sincerity, and genuineness of motive, is there a possibility of perfect serenity and comfort of soul. Poverty with all its limitations with genuineness of character, is an infinitely a richer heritage than any wealth that may gild a secret fraud.

THE SOWER AND THE REAPER. (169)

There are many illustrations of the Savior's teaching that one man sows, and the next following him reaps the harvest. Life is a sort of ascending stairway, and one generation steps on the shoulders of another in the upward climb. A recent writer shows how this is happening in the world of invention. Men are today gathering fortunes from the rubbish of the patent office. Inventors delve among wrecks there, seize on ideas that others could not perfect and make them practicable and available to their own profit. And often—and we all know of cases—the poor inventor with a conception that is almost worthless to him because he cannot give it birth, gives the labor of years to another and sees his pet idea materialized and bringing a fortune to its owner, while he must be content with the pittance he received.

A WORD IN TIME. (170)

How often a handshake full of hearty good will, a smile of kindly sympathy, just at the right moment, becomes a very cable from heaven to draw back a soul from death and lead it upward to eternal life! Some one sings the truth in a poem entitled, "A Word That Did Not Come Too Late."

In the chill and ghostly shadows of the dreary night, a man
Stood and fought as fierce a battle as a hero ever can.
Face to face with sin he wavered, in the grim and bitter fight,
As the strongest will, when tempted, as this wanderer was that night.

"Why this doubt and hesitation?" said the tempter to his heart,
"In this great, o'ercrowded city not a soul would take your part,
Not a hand would reach to help you if you sought the city through;
Little, nothing, does it matter what becomes of such as you.

"What if this to which I urge you brings to others grief and pain?
Have they pity for your troubles? Have your pleadings not been vain?
Hearts are hard and cold and cruel. They would crush you in the fight.
With the hands of men against you, anything for you is right."

"No one cares," the man repeated, as he wandered to and fro
With the tempter in the darkness, "what I do or where I go.
No one cares for me, an outcast!" Oh, what words could sadder be?
"In the world of men and women not a creature cares for me!"

As the cry so sad and bitter with the pain that filled his heart
Fell upon the night, a footstep close beside him made him start,
In the shadows gathered round him, in the dreary street and wild,
With her hand held out toward him, there he saw a little child.

"You forgot," she whispered softly, "when you said that no one cared,"
And the little hand seemed reaching for the heart by sin ensnared,
"You forgot, for God cares for you;" and the child smiled up at him,
With a face so full of pity that his eyes with tears grew dim.

"Little girl," he answered softly, as he bent to touch her cheek,
"Did God send you out to find me, words like these of yours to speak?
Yes, I know he sent this message to a soul in bitter need;
From the very brink of ruin I will follow where you lead."

Oh, for all earth's poor and friendless who are giv'n no loving word,
Let our hearts grown cold and careless, unto helpful deeds be stirred,
Loving words to those sore tempted, oft might make them strong and brave,
And, as did the child's sweet message, wavering souls from ruin save.

CONQUERING LIFE'S BLESSINGS. (171)

In order to develop self-reliance in us, and make us worthy of the blessings of life, God often hedges them about with sharp thorns of toil and struggle, which we must overcome before we can enjoy them. There is a species of cactus which grows on the great Southwestern plains which illustrates this method of divine Providence. Desert plants are commonly obliged to store up water in one way or another, so as not to perish during the long periods when there is no rainfall. Various species of the cactus do this, but there is one that is peculiarly interesting. The tired and thirsty traveler in those regions occasionally comes across a spiky thing, about the size of a water pail, though it is sometimes two or three times as large as that, which is to him a godsend—perhaps even a rescue from death in hideous shape. It is the so-called "Water Barrel of the Desert," a species of cactus which is a living spring, containing within itself a considerable supply of the purest water. One has only to chip off the top of it with a machete when a mass of pulp is disclosed. If a bowl-shaped cavity be cut in the pulp mass it will quickly fill with pure and refreshing water. This water barrel of the desert, when ripe, has a crown of fruits, the pulp of which is edible and grateful to a thirst which has been aggravated by the alkali dust of the desert. The plant is very thorny, being provided with straight spikes and crooked spines that operate like fish hooks. These must be conquered before the waters or the fruits can be had.

COSTLY DOUBTS AND FEARS. (174)

A London fog is a most expensive visitation. It has recently been carefully estimated, that a foggy day in that city, counting the day at eight hours, costs from two hundred and fifty thousand to five hundred thousand dollars in hard cash. No small proportion of this goes for the production of light and signals. It may suggest the fact that there is nothing so costly to a man or a woman as the yielding to moods of what people generally call the "blues," in which the mind is allowed to become befogged by morbid and often imaginary doubts and fears. There never was a man yet rich enough to afford such fogs. A cheerful faith in Christ, a consciousness that God is with us in sympathy and love, and above all a purpose on our part to work together with God in helping others will make such fogs impossible.

THE EASTER HOPE. (175)

Margaret E. Sangster has sung one of her sweetest songs in contemplation of the blessed promises of the Gospel concerning our reunion with our loved ones in heaven, under the title of "The Thinning Ranks." I am sure it cannot but bring comfort to us all.

The day grows lonelier; the air
Is chillier than it used to be.
We hear about us everywhere
The haunting chords of memory.
Dear faces once that made our joy
Have vanished from the sweet home band;
Dear tasks that were our loved employ
Have dropped from out our loosened hand.

Familiar names in childhood given
None call us by, save those in heaven.
We cannot talk with later friends
Of those old times to which love lends
Such mystic haze of soft regret;
We would not, if we could, forget
The sweetness of the bygone hours,
So priceless are love's faded flowers;
But lonelier grows the waning day,
And much we miss upon the way
Our comrades who have heard the call
That soon or late must summon all.

Ah, well! the day grows lonelier here,
Thank God, it doth not yet appear
What thrill of perfect bliss awaits
Those who pass on within the gates.
O, dear ones who have left my side,
And passed beyond the swelling tide,
I know that you will meet me when
I too shall leave these ranks of men
And find the glorious company
Of saints from sin forever free,
Of angels who do always see
The face of Christ, and ever stand
Serene and strong at God's right hand.

The day grows lonelier, the air
Hath waftings strangely keen and cold,
But woven in, O glad, O rare,
What love notes from the hills of gold!
Dear crowding faces gathered there,
Dear blessed tasks that wait our hand,
What joy, what pleasure shall we share,
Safe anchored in the one home-land!

Close up, O comrades, close the ranks;
Press onward, waste no fleeing hour!
Beyond the outworks, lo! the banks
Of that full tide where life hath power,
And Satan lieth underfoot,
And sin is killed, even at the root.
Close up, close fast the wavering line,
Ye who are led by One divine.
The day grows lonelier apace,
But heaven shall be our trysting place.

PRAISE SERVICE.

H. K. Hilberry.

(Where numbers of hymns are mentioned they refer to Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6, where most may be found that are not to be found in your church hymnals. A number of requests came concerning books on hymns, but they are so expensive that we give the following, which may be utilized. See March issue, page 268.)—Editor.

Col. 3: 16. "Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

We live in a world of song. All nature is full of melody. Man's waking hours are hours of song, the carol of the lark, the cheery call of the robin, or the more homely but none the less musical crowing of the cock. Sleep comes to our eyes not in silence profound, but mother nature has a song to soothe.

There is power in song. Who can measure its influence? You remember at a critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, Wellington discovered that the Forty-second Highlanders, men who knew no fear, were wavering. Instantly he guessed what the trouble was. The pipers were called to the firing line and with the first strain of martial music those Highlanders were transformed, with a wild cheer they swung into line again, swept the field before them and the tide at Waterloo was turned. This is only one of ten thousand instances where men and nations have been saved by a song. I do not wonder that the early peoples were so intensely patriotic when we remember that their whole national history was wrapped up in song, their historians, the wandering minstrels who sang the love of country into the hearts of their hearers.

The world has reason to thank God for her singers, especially is this true in the field of religion. Each experience of life has a melody all its own, and the deeper the experience the sweeter will be the song. These songs have been our salvation, theologians have not always agreed, isms and ologies we have had without number, but we all sing the same hymns, these products of the travail of human souls. The noblest songs are the expression of the deepest experiences, and surely the pathway to life's richer experiences is marked by these noble songs; so spite of differences of opinion, if there be that oneness of experience expressed in our common songs, we may look forward with joy to the time when around the throne we will sing together the "Song of Moses and The Lamb," for song, we are told, is the language of heaven. Some day preaching will cease, but singing will go on forever.

Now let us turn to our hymnals.

I. If we would study our hymns in chronological order we must go back in the world's history nearly 1200 years to the ancient city of Damascus, where Paul the Apostle was converted. John of Damascus was born 780 A. D. Wealthy, scholarly, an accomplished orator at the age of thirty, he was made the governor of Damascus. He soon retired from this position of honor within the walls of the monastery of Saint Sebastian. There in his midnight vigils the hymn which has echoed down twelve hundred years was born. (430)

The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!

From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

II. Six years after the death of King Robert II. of France, who wrote for us that beautiful hymn "Come Holy Ghost in Love," there lived in the palace or castle of Fontaines in Burgundy, Sorus Tesslain or Red-headed Tesslain and his wife, the Lady Aletta. He was a baron, a fighting man. She was a spiritual woman. To them in 1091 A. D. a son was born. Like his father he was in every respect until in his twentieth year his mother died. With his first great sorrow he became a different man, Christ loving, consecrated, yet with all the determination and courage which characterized his father, Bernard of Clairvaux became a whirlwind of spiritual energy. He founded in a robber infested valley, the Abbey of Clairvaux. In 1130 A. D., at the death of Pope Honorius, two applicants struggled for the chair, Gregory and Innocent. The controversy was placed in Bernard's hands for settlement and he decided in favor of Innocent. So when we sing that hymn we read the highest aspirations of the only man who has made a pope, and we can but declare as we read, that in giving us the hymn he has done a better work. Thank God we may feel the same stirrings of soul that Bernard experienced as from his cell window he breathed the song, originally containing fifty stanzas and which has furnished as many hymns:

"Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts,
Thou fount of life, thou light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to thee again."

III. And now our hymnals brings us to the time of the German Reformation, as one poet sings,

"The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man."

How faithful was the man to his conscience and his God. You remember the story. Tetzel came with his sale of indulgences and Luther opposed him openly. Like a wild beast the pope's messenger bellowed his denunciations. Luther answered, "The man makes a great noise, but God willing I will make a hole in his drum." The conflict brought upon Luther the pope's displeasure, friends warned him but he said, "I care little for the wishes of the pope." A little later we see him before the Diet of Worms, composed of Charles V., "whose empire stretched across two continents," Archduke Ferdinand, six Electors, 24 Dukes and 30 Archpishops. Then Tetzel arose and said, "Martin Luther, do you retract?" and Luther as he bowed to Charles, answered, "I have nothing to retract, I say no more." (432)

What a debt of gratitude we owe to that noble soul, tender, brave and true. From Worms we see him under the ban of the empire, make his way back to Saxony. In the castle of Frederick Duke of Saxony in Wartberg, he translated the Bible, and as he looked out upon the castle walls with their moat and drawbridge, their bastion and tower, Luther wrote for us that hymn: (414)

Zion H. 121 "A mighty fortress is our God,—A bulwark never failing:
Our helper he, amid the flood—Of mortal ills prevailing." etc.

Coleridge says that Luther did as much by his hymns as by the translation of the Bible. They echoed and re-echoed through Germany, in the cottage, on the battlefield, on the scaffold, they were the inspiration of the Reformation.

IV. Some of our hymns are the results of disappointed love affairs. For example take the case of Isaac Watts, a man of collossal intellect but not of attractive appearance. Watts fell in love with a Miss Singer, but when he proposed she told him that while she "admired the gem she never could love the casket," and the poor little pale-faced, homely man, the man of God, the man of mighty power, the man who has given to the world such hymns as "Joy to the world the Savior reigns," "There is a land of pure delight," and many others, this man went home and in utter misery of heart sat down and wrote: (435)

"How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair;
Each pleasure has it's poison too,
And every sweet a snare,"

and the church for a long time sang it as a hymn. It is not in most hymnals at present. "When I survey the wondrous cross," is another of Watts' famous hymns. When, in 1862, King George, one of the converts of the English missionaries in the South Sea Islands, substituted a Christian for a Pagan constitution for his country, 5,000 natives who were gathered at the ceremonial joined as with one voice in singing this hymn.

V. Now let us turn to Cardinal Newman's masterpiece. Newman was a Church of England clergyman; long, however, he had debated the question of accepting the Catholic faith. On the sixteenth day of June, 1833, he was sailing from Sicily to Marseilles, as the boat lay becalmed that day off the coast of France, he made that decision that changed the whole course of his life. Like Saul of Tarsus the step was taken in all good conscience and whatever we may think of the outcome of his choice we thank God for the beautiful song it inspired.

Zion H. 525 "Lead, kindly Light, Lead thou me on."

When the Parliament of Religions met at Chicago, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they were agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and they could all sing, "Lead, kindly light." This hymn, Mrs. Drew says, and "Rock of Ages," were two of Mr. Gladstone's "most favored hymns." (436)

VI. Our hymn books are not without their words of encouragement to praying mothers. Mrs. Toplady was a praying woman, her husband, a major, was killed in Carthagenia when young Augustus Toplady was a few weeks old. The boy was later sent to the Westminster School; he listened to the best preachers of London during his stay there, only to laugh at their religion. You know the story of his strange conversion in a rude barn in Ireland. To the Irishman Morris and a praying mother we are indebted for his wonderful ministerial life; but above all for his still more wonderful song,

Zion H 478 "Rock of ages, cleft for me."

What a benediction the hymn has been to troubled souls. When the steamship London was lost in the Bay of Biscay the last to escape tell us that the others were singing this hymn. Mrs. Bainbridge, a missionary to China, tells of a heathen woman who, as an offering to her gods, dug a well 20 feet deep and 15 feet wide with only her naked hands—dug until the hands had lost all semblance to human hands. Mrs. Bainbridge saw her after she had been converted many years. Eighty years of age, she was then, and when asked about her Christian experience, she stretched out her crippled fingers and with trembling voice she sang, (438)

"Nothing in my hands I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling."

VII. But this is not the only encouragement to praying mothers. In a little room in the east end of London a woman lay dying, her husband, a sailor, was away from home at the time. She was not afraid to die, but what would become of her boy Johnny? The husband was not a Christian, so while she prayed for him she had stored the boy's mind with hymns and scripture. She had sown the seed and now she must go. Before long a

new mother came to the home and Johnny went to the streets. He became the pest of the neighborhood. Far and wide Jack Newton was feared for his profanity and vileness. He enlisted in the navy, deserted, and was recaptured in disgrace. He was finally discharged because even the godless sailors feared his profanity would bring disaster upon the ship. At last, stranded in Africa, he served as slave to an African chief until his father came and released him. On the voyage home the mother's prayer was answered and he was converted. Three years later he became pastor at Olney. (439)

Newton, aided by Cowper, made the Olney collection of hymns. Among these hymns are to be found, "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Amazing grace how sweet the sound," and "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds." 435

VIII. Of Cowper, Newton's companion in forming the Olney collection, what can we say? Everyone calls him poor Cowper. Strange it is that a soul capable of rising to such sublime spiritual heights should sink to such depths of despair—fits of despondency which amounted practically to insanity. His wonderful song, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," had a strange origin. It is said that Cowper had decided to drown himself in the River Ouse. A driver was called, directions were given, but the driver lost his way in the London fog, and when they discovered where they were they found that the cab had stopped in front of Cowper's very door. This experience was the inspiration of this his last and perhaps best hymn. His life went out in mental darkness. (440) 336.

But all our hymns are not the outgrowth of nature reflection or of rough experience. Suppose I asked this congregation for opinions as to the age and education of Joseph Gregg, the writer of (704)

"Jesus, and shall it ever be,
Mortal man ashamed of Thee." 313

You would ascribe it to a doctor of divinity, or a poet of some ability; but Joseph Gregg was ten years old when he wrote that hymn. He was only a boy touched by the spirit of God, and yet that hymn has been the means of helping many, many souls to decide for Christ. (441)

Our study would not be complete without one at least of the church's war songs, that of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the product of the thirty years' war in Germany. The Protestant army was for a time defeated in every battle. When their prospects were darkest Gustavus Adolphus, lion of the North, took up the sword. His fear of God was known and he prayed daily. On the morning of Nov. 16, 1632, the armies faced each other at Lutzen, the Catholic army commanded by the great Wallenstein. Fog delayed the conflict and Adolphus, taking his position at the front of his columns, fervently prayed the God of battles for aid. The trumpet sounded, and the Swedish army took up the hymn, composed by Pastor Altenbury at Erfurt,

"Fear not, oh little flock, the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow." etc.

With that hymn on their lips they moved forward to victory, but the Christian warrior gave his life to win it, for his riderless horse came plunging through the victorious ranks. That battle should interest you; the blood shed on that field purchased religious liberty. (442)

One Sunday, 58 years ago, Phoebe Carey, a girl of 17, visiting a friend, was strongly stirred by the morning sermon, and going to her room on her return from church, wrote:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer home today, today, 614
Than I have been before."

You have no doubt heard Russell Conwell's story of a scene in a gambling den in China, where an American gambler was winning from a young fellow countryman. While the gambler was dealing the boy unconsciously hummed that tune. The gambler stopped dealing and said, "Where did you learn that, Harry?" At first he didn't think what he was humming, but he replied, "That? oh, that was a favorite song of my mother's." "I had a Christian mother, too; take back your money. I have had enough of this kind of life." (443) NB

We will close with the doxology, written 200 years ago by Thomas Ken, pastor to Charles II. of England.

A western captain, as he lay on the battlefield of Shiloh, suffered greatly from a fatal gunshot wound through both thighs, and from thirst. He said: "The stars shone out clear and beautiful above the dark field, and I began to think of that great God who had given His Son to die a death of agony for me, and that He was up there—up above the scene of suffering, and above those glorious stars, and I felt that I was going home to meet Him and praise Him there, and I felt that I ought to praise God, even wounded, and on the battlefield. I could not help singing that beautiful hymn, "When I can read my title clear," etc. And," said he, "there was a Christian brother in the brush near me, but I could hear him. He took up the strain, and beyond him another and another caught it up, all over the terrible battlefield of Shiloh. That night the echo was resounded, and we made the field of battle ring with the hymns of praise to God."—Biblical Encyclopedia and Museum. Those who have this work might also refer to vol. 6, 35; vol. 10, 295; and vol. 12, 27. (444)

HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

I.

EXPOSITORY PREACHING.

We have previously considered two of the chief kinds of sermons when classified according to the use of texts—the topical and the textual, and will now give attention to the third.

Expository sermons differ from the textual not so much in kind as in degree. For example, the text is usually longer, and more attention is given to the explanation of the words. The text, indeed, may cover several verses, a whole chapter, or parts of more than one chapter. And the treatment need not necessarily be confined to the definition of words, but include the adjustment of the text to the context, and the amplification and illustration of the various ideas suggested.

This method of preaching, I regret to say, has almost entirely fallen into disuse, and yet, in the language of Dr. James W. Alexander, from whose "Thoughts on Preaching" I draw generously in what follows: "It is the most obvious and natural way of conveying to hearers the import of the sacred volume."

"Suppose a volume of human science to be placed in our hands as the sole manual or textbook to elucidate to a public assembly," he exclaims; "in what way would it be most natural to go to work? Certainly we would not take a sentence here, and another there, and upon these separate portions frame one or two discourses every week! No interpreter of Aristotle or Littleton would dream of doing that. Nor was it adopted in the Christian church, until the sermon ceased to be regarded in its true notion, as an explanation of the Scripture, and began to be viewed as a rhetorical entertainment, which might afford occasion for the display of subtilty, research and eloquence."

The same author recites some interesting facts that might be summed up under the general head of the history of expository preaching. For example, he reminds us that as early as the time of Ezra, we find the reading of the law accompanied with some kind of interpretation. See Nehemiah VIII. In the synagogues, moreover, after the reading of the law and the prophets, it was usual for the presiding officer to invite such as were learned to address the people, and it was in this way that our blessed Lord Himself, as well as His apostles, subsequently, were given the opportunity to open up the Scriptures. See our Lord's discourse in the synagogue at Nazareth, reported in the fourth of Luke, and observe that it was an expository treatment of Isaiah LXI. Notice, also, the discourses of Peter and Paul in the book of the Acts.

The early Christian assemblies adopted this method in their religious services, as we may judge from allusions and examples in the writings of Justin Martyr, Origen, Augustine and Chrysostom. Their homilies, especially in the instances of the last mentioned two, were usually of the nature of "a close interpretation, or running commentary on the text, followed by a practical application." Chrysostom, quoted by Neander, says: "If any one assiduously attend public worship, even without reading the Bible at home, but carefully hearkening here, he will find a single year sufficient to give him an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures." In how many of our churches could the same be said today? But ought it not to be said in all?

Dr. Alexander is sponsor for the statement that it was about the beginning of the thirteenth century when the method of preaching from insulated texts came into vogue, and the younger clergy adopted the subtle divisions of the sermon. And he says, too, that it was warmly opposed by some of the best theologians of the age, as "a childish playing upon words, destructive of true eloquence, tedious and unaffecting to the hearers, and cramping the imagination of the preachers." He is not prepared to entirely accept this criticism of the theologians, however, nor am I, believing that both the topical and the textual methods of preaching have their attractions and advantages. Nevertheless, it is a pleasure to record that "when the light of divine truth began to emerge from its long eclipse, at the Reformation, there were few things more remarkable than the universal return of evangelical preachers to the expository method. Book after book of the Bible was publicly expounded by Luther, and the almost daily sermons of Calvin were, with scarcely any exceptions, founded on passages taken in regular course as he proceeded through the sacred canon. The same is true of the other reformers, particularly in England and Scotland." In the times of the Nonconformists the textual method came into practice again; but, notwithstanding, exposition was considered a necessary part of ministerial labor. Matthew Henry is a conspicuous example of this, who, although he frequently preached from single texts, yet, "on every Lord's Day morning expounded a part of the Old Testament, and in the evening a part of the New, in both instances proceeding in regular order."

In modern times Charles H. Spurgeon has followed the example of Matthew Henry to a great extent. He preached topically, with great interest and power, but at almost every service the exposition of Scripture was made a distinctive, and always popular, feature of the exercises. The late Dr. Howard Crosby was heard to say that in the course of his pastorate in New York, he had thus given instruction to his people on every verse in the Bible. The writer, also, can add his testimony to the fact that this method of preaching is delightful both to pastor and people. Both need training for it, but when once the taste has been acquired it demands constant gratification.

It was esteemed suitable to close these remarks on expository preaching with a single illustration of its use, for the benefit of the younger ministers who may read them. The outline in the next paragraph is that of a discourse used by the author on the Sunday previous to this writing.

The Strong and the Weak, or the Christian's Debt to his Brother.—Romans xiii, 8; xv, 7.

We have here (1) the command for Christians to love one another. xiii, 8-10.

2. The urgency for its observance. 11-14.

3. The particular call for its application (fellowshipping the weak). xiv, 1.

4. The description of the weak (conscientious scruples as to eating, and the observance of days). xiv, 2, 5.

5. The way in which fellowship is to be shown, (a), by not judging them, 3-12; (b) by not putting a stumbling-block in their way, 13-19; (c) by edifying them. 20-23.

6. The motive in the premises (the example of Christ). xv, 1-4.

7. The object in view (the glory of God). 5-7.

In developing division 5 it was shown (a) that we should not judge the weak brother for the following reasons:

1. God has received him. Verse 3.

2. He is accountable to God only. Verse 4, first part.

3. God can make him stand. Verse 4, last part.

4. Each man must be fully persuaded in his own mind. Verse 5.

5. The weak brother may be honoring and serving God even under the conditions named. Verse 6.

6. Each one of us must give account of himself to God. Verses 10-12.

It was shown (b) that we put a stumbling-block in the way of our weak brother by an undue insistence on our liberty. Verses 14, 15; and that such insistence may itself become sin. 16-18.

Finally it was shown (c) that we edify one another by following after things which make for peace, verse 19; and that it makes for peace sometimes to control our zeal. 22.

II.

SERMONIC HINTS FOR ASCENSION-TIDE.

Ascension day comes this year on May 16, (Thursday)—the fortieth day after Easter; but the whole week, beginning with the previous Sunday, might be wisely utilized by sermons and addresses commemorative of that great event in the life of our Lord, and its bearing upon our own lives, present and future.

* * *

The Importance of the Ascension.—The doctrine of the Ascension of Christ is not dwelt upon with the frequency and attention its importance in the Christian scheme deserves. The incarnation, death, and resurrection of Christ are each, and all of them, seriously and vitally incomplete without the ascension, just as that event itself awaits the fruition of its purpose in a return of the ascended Lord in glory to the earth.

But that which gives peculiar interest to the ascension is its active bearing upon our spiritual life today. We are redeemed by the death and resurrection of Christ considered as a single act, but that is past. We are to be raised from the dead ourselves, and glorified at His second coming, but that is future. We are being saved, established in the faith, enlightened in the knowledge of God, sanctified, anointed and equipped for service, (and that is something going on now, and) as the result of our Saviour's presence as our High Priest at the right hand of God.

* * *

Drummond's Ascension Poem.—Those who do not happen to possess the poem of William Drummond on "The Ascension," will appreciate the verses given below, as fervent in evangelical doctrine as sublime in their imagery. The author, who lived in Scotland on a beautiful estate known as Hawthornden, was born of noble family, December 13, 1585, and died December 4, 1649. The poem, which is based on the relation of facts given in Acts i, 9-11, consists of ten stanzas, from which we quote the ii, iii, vii, and ix, in their order:

Scarfed in a rosy cloud,
  He doth ascend the air;
Straight doth the moon Him shroud
  With her resplendent hair,
The next encrystalled light
  Submits to Him its beams,
And He doth trace the height
  Of that fair lamp which flames of beauty streams.

He towers those golden bounds
  He did to sun bequeath;
The higher wandering rounds
  Are found His feet beneath;
The milky-way comes near,
  Heaven's axle seems to bend
Above each turning sphere,
  That, robed in glory, heaven's King may ascend.

Now each ethereal gate
  To Him hath opened been;
And glory's King in state
  His palace enters in;
Now come is this High priest
  To the Most Holy place,
Not without blood addressed,
  With glory heaven, and earth to crown with grace.

The choir of happy souls,
  Waked with that music sweet
Whose descant care controls,
  Their Lord in triumph meet;
The spotless spirits of light
  His trophies do extol,
And, arched in squadron's bright,
  Greet their great victor in His capitol.

* * *

Scripture Readings for Ascensiontide.—From the calendars of the Protestant and Reformed Episcopal churches the following-named portions of scripture are suggested for reading and exposition at this season of the Church year: Deuteronomy x, 12-21; 2 Kings ii, 1-23; Daniel vii, 9-15; Luke xxiv, 44, etc.; Acts i, 1-11; Ephesians iv, 1-17; Revelation xv, 1-4; Psalms xxiv, xlvii.

* * *

Things Pertaining to the Kingdom of God.—Acts i, 3-8, will form the basis of an appropriate expository discourse for Ascension day, for the theme of which one might choose the name at the head of this paragraph. Christ

remained on the earth forty days between His resurrection and ascension, to give His disciples sufficient evidence of the former, and to instruct them concerning "the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." Some of these "things" are indicated in the verses of the text:

1. The distinction between regeneration by the Holy Spirit and the baptism of the Holy Spirit, verses 4, 5.
2. The distinction between the Church of God and the Kingdom of God, verses 6, 7.
3. The distinction between the evangelization of the world and the conversion of the world, verse 8.

* * *

The Ascension of Christ in its Relation to the Believer in Christ.—Hebrews ix, 24. "Christ entered not into a holy place made with hands, like in pattern to the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear before the face of God for us." (R. V.) As our High Priest in heaven He is,

1. The forerunner of His people. Hebrews vi, 20.
2. The intercessor for His people. Hebrews vii, 25.
3. The benefactor of His people. Ephesians iv, 8.
4. The host of His people. John xiv, 2.

* * *

Inferences from the Ascension of Christ.—The writer has a sermon based on Acts i, 9, in which he asks, and seeks to answer the following questions suggested by the text:

1. Where is the glorified body of Jesus? In answering this question it was sought to show (1), that heaven was a locality and not a state or condition merely, and (2), that our redemption thus evidently included our physical frame.
2. What is the character of Jesus' glorified body? It was shown to be His post-resurrection body, completed as to its glorious transformation; and the fact was used to dignify our conception of our human nature, to broaden our ideas of the atonement, and to stimulate the conviction that our spiritual body will be like unto His. It will be the same body as we had here, i. e., not entirely or essentially new, but unfolded and perfected in its present character and form.
3. What was the significance of the Ascension to our Lord Himself? The reward of His obedience, "the joy that was set before Him" as man, and the manifestation of His essential glory as God.
4. What was (or is) the significance of the Ascension to believers? The re-instatement of our nature in all its lost honors in reconciliation with God, and the earthly and present possession of the Holy Spirit as our guide and comforter.

III.

HOMILETIC TREATMENT OF GENESIS.

A Foolish Bargain.—"He sold his birthright unto Jacob." xxv, 33. After describing this event, and showing Esau's folly, we might proceed to speak of our common birthrights, such as time, talents, opportunities, character, and above all, of course, salvation through faith in Christ. It would be easy to show how men sell these precious things for what corresponds to a mess of pottage, such as the gratification of appetite, the love of pleasure, ease, money, power, and selfishness in every form. Matthew xvi, 26, will come into use here.

A Hint for a Revival.—"And he said, Lo, it is yet high day, * * * water ye the sheep, and go and feed them. And they said, We can not, until all the flocks be gathered together, and they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep." xxix, 7-8. Gather the flock together, let a spirit of unity pervade the church, remove the hindrances to the flow of the water of life by prayer, and a time of refreshing will follow.

Love Lightening Labor. — "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." xxix, 20. Compare Matthew xi, 29-30. I John v, 3.

The Testimony of the Redeemed. — "God hath taken away my reproach." xxx, 23. Compare Colossians, ii, 13-14.

The Prayer that Wins. — "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." xxxii, 26. Abraham's intercession for Lot in Sodom is a good parallel illustration. In the New Testament, the story of the Syro-phœnician woman and the parable of the Friend at Midnight suggest themselves. Andrew Murray's volume, "With Christ in the School of Prayer," would be very helpful in suggestions for a sermon on this topic; also R. A. Torrey's, "How to Pray," both published by Revell.

Discriminating Worship. — "And Jacob sware by the fear of his father Isaac." xxxi, 53. It is noticeable that Jacob did not follow the example of his uncle, Laban, and sware by the God of Abraham and the God of Nahor, but only by the God of Abraham. The reason doubtless was that there was idolatry in the family of Nahor. Psalm xvi, 4, may come in here, and also such a passage as 2 Corinthians, vi, 14-18.

The Conqueror Humbled. — "And he (Jacob) halted upon his thigh." xxxii, 31. Paul had a thorn in his flesh given him lest he should be exalted. God takes care that the good things He bestows upon us so freely, will work no injury to their recipients. Proverbs x, 22, is in point.

Dr. James M. Gray's Opinion.

"I think you have done a good thing for ministers with small income in reproducing the Biblical Encyclopedia and Museum. It is on a large scale what I am trying to do on a small one in the Homiletic Department of Current Anecdotes. It is a commentary, Bible illustrator and Homiletic review all in one. Of course it is old-fashioned in style, but its apparent soundness in doctrine is a compensation."

STUDIES IN NEGLECTED TEXTS.

By Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

HINDERED CHRISTIANS.

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you that ye did not obey the truth." Gal. 5: 7.

A good many Christians are like a boat we saw not long since. A storm had pushed it high on the shore. It was not wrecked, but it was stranded. And they are not wrecked, but stranded Christians. They did run well, but something has hindered them.

Some are young Christians who ran well for a time, but have stopped. Some are old Christians who keep up the form of godliness but deny the power thereof. Like soldiers "marking time," they are moving, but they are not marching. Are you a hindered one?

I. *What are some common hindrances?*

1. Worldliness. The attractions of worldliness sidetrack us. Atlanta and Hippomenes were attracted by the three golden apples. So in life's race have golden apples hindered many a Christian.

2. The cares of this world. These are often a great hindrance. It is our privilege to lay aside every weight—to cast our care on God—to trust Him with ourselves and our cares too, and run with patience the race set before us.

3. Secret sins. Oh how many are hindered by them! We are not only to lay aside other weights, but also "the sin that doth so easily beset us."

4. Laxness of creed. Like with these Galatians many have been hindered by first perverting and then "not obeying the truth."

5. Satan. Satan takes positive measures to hinder us. Like an army cutting down forests in the path of invaders on purpose to hinder them, so does Satan lay plans to delay and defeat us.

II. *What are some of the signs or indications of our thus being hindered Christians?* How are we to know when we are in this hindered state?

Some signs.—(1) Loss of relish for private devotions. Not that we have entirely given up prayer, but that we do not enjoy it as we once did. (2) Loss of interest in God's Word. Not that we have given up the reading of it, but we do not love to read it as we once did. (3) Thinking lightly of sin. We may know sin as before, but find ourselves inclined to palliate and excuse it. (4) Loss of zeal in spiritual work. Do you find any indications of being a hindered Christian?

III. *How, then, are we to get a new start?*

The electric car with the trolley off must get back into touch with the source of power. So must the hindered Christian get back into touch with God. The church at Ephesus was told what to do in such case. We must do the same. (1) "Remember." (2) "Repent." (3) "Do the first works." Ah, yes, back into communion with God, back to our Bibles, back to the "Christian's native air" of prayer, back to "first principles," and "first love," and "first works," back to a renewed devotion to these—so and only so can a Christian get into the way again, and go on unhindered.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF LEADERSHIP.

"Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee," etc. John 21: 3.

Peter was a born leader. He was impulsive, but strong, and always influential. "I go a fishing." At once the others yield to the drift, and say, "We also go with thee." "They went forth." That is the way it always goes. When there is an "I" man there will always be a "We" man, and when there is an "I" man and a "we" man there will soon be "they" men.

I. Let us consider first, then, *the "I" man's evil influence.*

When there is a young man or a young woman or older man or older woman to say, "I go" to any wrong place, there will be others to go along. There is great influence and responsibilty in leadership.

1. Notice, first, the social power of wrongdoing. "None of us liveth to himself." We are moved and swayed irresistibly by each other. Sin loves companionship. Peter did not want to go fishing alone. Few ever do.

2. The multiplied responsibility of the leader in wrong. "When ruin starts it rushes," but great is the responsibility of the man who starts it. Peter's sudden impulse was contagious.

II. But there is another and happier side to this fact of the "I" man's influence; we refer to *his large possible influence for good.* When he says "I go" to any place of benefit or blessing, then, too, there will be others to say "We go with thee;" and good will result, and it can be said, "They went."

1. There is also a social power in well doing. No young man or young woman says I go to church, or to Sunday school or to prayer meeting or upon some mission of mercy, but what there will be some one else to say, "I go with thee."

2. In this fact of the social power of well-doing lies the multiplied opportunities of each well-doer. "When good starts it rushes."

3. The "I" man's glorious reward. It is not only that of being saved, but it is that of not being saved alone.

PRACTICING THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

"Thou art near, O Lord." Ps. 119: 151.

The living a life hid with Christ in God, a life under the abiding sense of God's presence, is something we should all strive more fully to attain. Just what is involved in the practice of the presence of God?

I. As a first step *it involves the yielding f ourselves cordially and fully to God.*

1. This yielding should be a definite response to recognized duty. We belong to God. It is therefore our duty to honor God's right in us and yield ourselves to His control.

2. This yielding must be a decisive act of the will. The reason so many fail to attain

the Spirit-filled life is that there are points at which they hold back from God, preferring to have their own way and will rather than His.

3. Again, the yielding should be an irrevocable act of faith. It should be a deliberate, once-for-all going over to God, believing in His acceptance and going forward under the assurance of it.

II. The practicing of the presence of God involves, furthermore, *the putting away of every known sin and a determinate decision to resist every assault of evil.* We cannot practice the presence of God while cherishing sin is in our hearts.

III. The practice of the presence of God involves *the careful cultivation of every spiritual grace.*

1. Think of God. Be always realizing His presence, in work, in prayer, in recreation, in repose. Try to arrive at an habitual sense of His nearness.

2. Listen to God. He is not a silent God. He speaks to us, through His providences, through His word, through His Spirit. God has much to say to those who will attentively listen to His voice.

3. Speak to God. Express your love, bring your desires, tell your gratitude for His gifts. Try to get into an habitual state of familiar converse and communion with God.

4. Love God. Be devoted to Him, and to Him supremely. Have no affection apart from Him.

IV. *There are blessed results* flowing from such a life thus spent in the practice of the presence of God. Such practice is the secret of peace. It is the secret of a life of happiness and joy. It is the secret of living a life of love and highest usefulness in the world. Guidance mid life's perplexities, wisdom for life's decisions, cheer for life's sorrows, and help over life's hard places come with it. Knowledge of God and resultant transformation into His likeness come with it. It is worth our while, both in view of the present and future blessedness, to practice the presence of God.

HEART FAILURE.

"*Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.*" Prov. 4: 23.

The text is literally true. The heart is life's fountain head. "Out of it are the issues of life." Wonderful are the functions of that unseen agent.

What are some of the features of heart disease to which we are liable?

I. First, there is *induration, or the hardening of the heart.* It results from an inflammation of the lining membrane, causing a deposit of new material of fibrous nature, which gradually hardens, and causes the disturbance to health. Alas, how many people become similarly affected spiritually, the heart gradually becoming more and more hard and insensible until it ceases to perform its functions. Some causes: worldliness, prejudice, disobedience, quenching the good Spirit of God, growing insensibility to truth, etc.

II. A second possible affliction is that of *atrophy, or wasting away of the heart.* Physicians tell us that its cause is usually defective nourishment.

There are people who starve their souls, failing to feed them with the nourishing food needed. There are others who gorge themselves with too much strong meat and no exercise.

III. A third possible physical affliction is the opposite one, of *hypertrophy, or enlargement of the heart.* The external cause of this hypertrophy is generally some obstacle to circulation, requiring increased strength of muscle to overcome it. The heart then grows large just as a blacksmith's arm or the turner's leg grows large, the new demand on its strength producing a multiplication of the muscular fibres. The moral nature is liable to a similar disease, which we may think of as the acceptance of truth out of proportion. Disproportionate belief may do one no little harm.

IV. Still another possible physical ailment is that of *aneurism of the heart, or a dilation or rupture of the ventricles of the heart.* In the spiritual realm a broken heart can be absolutely prevented. It is done by cherishing a calm, abiding faith in God.

V. Yet another form of heart disease is what is commonly known as a *fatty degeneration of the heart.* That is, the muscular fibres of the heart undergo a deterioration which weakens it and causes it to act irregularly, changes its color from dark red to yellow and materially diminishes its firmness.

In the spiritual application we would think of this degeneration as a weakening and loss of courageousness and hopefulness of heart. But, thanks be to God, He has given us the means of invigorating the heart. "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart." This strength of heart usually comes in some of the appointed ways of waiting on the Lord, in His house, in prayer, in the study of His word, in self-sacrificing service, or in some other manner available to every Christian. Let us guard against degeneration of the heart. Let us cultivate the means for the strengthening of the heart.

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CURRENT ANECDOTES

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A paper furnishing illustrations and their morals, for religious public speakers.

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F. M. BARTON, PRES. AND EDITOR.

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DR. BANKS CALLED TO NEW YORK.

Louis Albert Banks, who edits Illustrations from Current Life, and furnishes our Sermon Department, has been called to the pulpit of Grace Methodist Church, New York, considered by many the most promising Methodist church of the metropolis. His readers will congratulate him and also the church on securing one of the half-dozen ablest preachers in the United States. He leaves Cleveland April 14.

This call in no way affects his relationship with Current Anecdotes, except to increase its influence, through the wider appreciation of Dr. Banks. He will continue to edit his department and furnish his sermons each month.

F. M. BARTON,
Editor.

"My people pay, but they pay at the end of the year," writes one minister. We wonder if they remember to pay interest for the time which they use the minister's money. The laborer is worthy his hire, and the day laborer, mechanic, shoveler, gets his hire at the end of the week, state laws providing punishment for employers who do not pay regularly once a week. There is scripture that provides for those who keep back wages. No minister can do his best when troubled with debt, and yet how does his congregation expect him to get along without getting into debt, when they hold back half or more of his wages from three to nine months?

Every minister should make a written contract, signed by the trustees or members of the official board, specifying amount and time of payments. This would save disputes and hardships.

I am informed that one Congregational home missionary society will not grant aid to a church until the pastor certifies that he has been paid in full the previous year. This rule is never broken, although it results some times in a delay of a month or two in the negotiations.

CHRISTIAN WORK SAYS:

The cry goes up for better reading from the pulpit, and a contemporary pleads for Ezrian reading: it thinks the minister, "like Ezra, should seek to read distinctly and 'give the sense;' too much of the elocutionary art would not be advisable." There is a deal to be said on this subject, to which we may return later. It is certainly true that a want of feeling is strikingly evident in much of the reading heard in the pulpit today; which may come from too much elocution or too little feeling, or a mixture of both.

What about a cry for better attention from the pews? It is no longer considered disgraceful for young and old to whisper anything that comes to mind to the friend in the same pew. The ministerial halo has disappeared, but that is no reason that he should not be respected or treated with courtesy, even if church goers do not fear God or respect a place of worship.

On Washington's birthday a telegram was received in America announcing that Dr. T. D. Anderson, a keen-eyed amateur astronomer of Edinburgh, had seen a new star in the constellation Perseus. About 8 o'clock in the evening the two Auriga stars are near the zenith and the new star lower down toward the west, and is still easily to be seen from the roofs of most houses at 10 or 11 o'clock, its brightness making it conspicuous. While there is so much interest in the new star, why not preach about the star that was new 1900 years ago?

On page 330 is an advertisement of a $3.50 Family Bible, illustrated, that is a bargain. All we ask is that you order it, and if not satisfied return it and get your money, or you needn't pay for it until you examine it.

For Children and Punctuality.

A man with a purpose is always interesting. We select this from our mail:

Yours of the 21st ult. is to hand. Enclosed you will find check for $1.00 to cover my renewal to "Current Anecdotes."

Your publication interests me very much. It cannot fail to help the pastor who uses it. In addition to the several splendid good departments you are adding, if you could squeeze in one or two more, I should suggest that you make a SPECIAL feature of PREACHING TO CHILDREN. So few ministers are enthusiasts on this subject, perhaps you will tolerate ONE crank on the subject of saving the boys and girls before the devil gets a mortgage on them.

If one-half the education, money, effort, scheming, songs and prayers now devoted to rescuing adults was but directed towards the salvation of the children, the hearts of ministers would not ache as they do now for the spiritual dearth everywhere prevailing.

Permit me to call your attention to our efforts on behalf of Punctuality Reform. If all the pastors would but join and set a good example for their flocks, the Tribe would outdo its already marvellous growth. We find some ministers are chronically late, hence look upon the Tribe as an encroacher upon their settled habit.

Your for punctuality,
R. W. LEWIS,
Secretary The On Timer's Tribe.

A Few Remarks on Current Anecdotes.

"I appreciate it."—F. B. Foster, 1st United Pres. Church, Omaha, Neb.

"The most useful periodical that comes to my study."—Rev. G. W. Powell, Oxford, N. Y.

"The kind of a magazine I have been seeking for some time."—Benjamin R. Lautz, St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Millersburg, Pa.

"Congratulate you on improvements."—Rev. Walter G. Taylor, Montreal, Can.

"Exceedingly helpful, especially for Sunday evening sermons."—William S. Barnes, First Pres. Church, Council Bluffs, Ia.

"Brightest and most helpful that comes to my table."—Rev. A. P. Brace, Sutton West, Ont., Canada.

"Best publication of any kind that comes to the parsonage."—Sidney Fisher, Tabernacle Baptist Church, Ithaca, N. Y.

"Rare value to ministers."—Rev. George Gable, Hillyard, Wash.

"Your improved paper reached me. I like it, keep it coming."—Rev. G. E. Foster, Vastalia, California.

"When ministers once take it they will never be without it."—Rev. Richard Hasking, Walhalla, N. D.

"Just what every minister ought to have."—Rev. Chas. S. Lang, pastor United Evangelical Church, Zearing, Ia.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart for Current Anecdotes."—Robert Snaith, Dumfries, Scotland.

"I have gotten more real live, up-to-date material out of Current Anecdotes and Banks' sermons than I have out of $100 worth of books added to my library this year."—Arthur Nash, Church of Christ, Bluffton, Ohio.

"I account it the most helpful ministerial magazine I know and it is becoming better and richer each year."—W. W. Dawley, Central Baptist Church, Minneapolis, Minn., preaching 23 years.

"If each number is as good as the March issue, it is more than worth its price."—L. O. Oyler, pastor United Brethren Church, Bremen, Ind.

Mr. W. A. Fraser, author of Mooswa and Others, has just written for early publication in the Saturday Evening Post a short, stirring serial, entitled The Outcasts.

The Outcasts are an old buffalo and a wolf-dog, and the greater part of the story is about the strange comradeship and striking adventures of these companions, and their pilgrimage, in company, to the distant plains of deep grass, of which the wolf-dog knew.

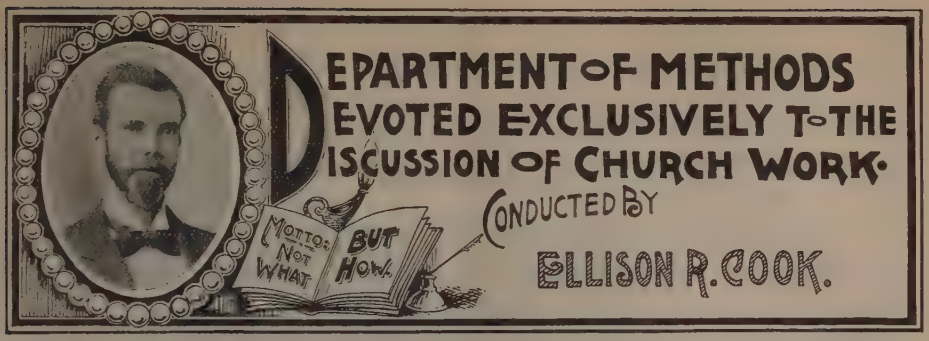
Little Crusaders, The, is by Isabel S. Stone. This book deals with one of the most interesting and peculiar episodes of the Middle Ages, viz., the marches and countermarches of the Little Crusaders. The author's style is animated and her spirit is sympathetic and yet historical. The work fills a place in literature. The price is $1 and it may be ordered from The Abbey Press, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. It will prove very suggestive for a sermon to children.

Every minister should have in his library Finney's autobiography. 12mo, cloth. $1.25, And Dale's Lectures on Preaching, same price, also Condit's Bible History. 8vo., gilt top, $2.00. Current Anecdotes, Cleveland, O., will furnish these books postpaid at 10 per cent. discount during April.

Welch's Grape Juice is sold by many of the leading book-rooms of the various denominations, and by druggists and fancy grocers everywhere. If your church is not using Welch's, write The Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y., mentioning Current Anecdotes, and they will arrange to supply you for one service, free of charge.

"Lives of Church Leaders."

We give you the opportunity to examine this book before paying for it. Think of the price, amounting to 2 cents a life for lives of these men of power, to whose work the churches of today are monuments. $2.50 for 125 lives. It is church history in most accessible form. Order at once as there are less than 200 copies at this price. F. M. Barton, Publisher, Rose Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.



HOW TO MAKE A WORKING CHURCH.

SUGGESTIVE HINTS, METHODS AND PLANS GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

First Paper—Second Series.

Rev. H. Frank Hill says "everything in the world has its price and you can get nothing without paying for it. Labor is the price of anything that is of real value. What you get without work is of little profit." Labor is life. When we cease to labor we cease to live in the true sense. "Idleness is the sepulcher of a living soul." It is good to be piled with work. Then the spirit is drawn out to its fullest capacity. The busy life is the life to be thankful for. If you would be happy as well as useful, work.

Work with the mind. Work intelligently. Lay out work. Work to accomplish something. Work by system. Do everything promptly at its proper time. Do not let one duty intrude upon the time that belongs to another. Drive work, or work will drive you. That is the way to work.

Work with the heart. Plan to be useful to others. Labor for beneficient objects, that you may give to the poor, or help God's true cause, or lend to him that needeth. There is great happiness in giving, if you have earned what you give, or saved it from indulgence. Those are the noblest lives in which heart and mind and body all unite in labor.

Work with your might; "for the night cometh when no man can work." It may be irksome at first, but it will not kill you. You will live the longer for it. The hours and moments are too precious to be lolled away. Cast off sloth. It is our greatest enemy. It deadens all the sensibilities of our being. Resist it at last. Put on energy. Open up channels of active enterprise through the dead swamp of your existence, by honest labor, that the waters may become purified, and flow out to benefit the world.

It is the province of this "Department of Methods" to suggest ways of working and means to the accomplishment of the best results.

Not unfrequently, the excuse given by men for not working for God is that God does not need their poor aid. They are fond of repeating the words of Jonathan, "For there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few." "It is not by might or power" or "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." But the words so used are likely to be a shield to indifference, idleness or laziness than to cover real devoutness.

The following editorial from the Church Economist is in point:

MACHINERY.

Periodically, some critic raises his voice in condemnation of church machinery—and generally with an element of truth. The latest attack which we happen to notice comes from Dr. Parker, of London, who goes over the familiar ground with characteristic force and picturesqueness.

To all such criticisms there is one general reply—that this is an age of machinery. Everything is highly organized, in business, education, society and religion. The twentieth century is not the first or the sixteenth; and when it attempts to be any other century but the twentieth it simply makes itself silly.

Then there is this to be said: Take six churches that are alive and buzzing with machinery and six that are notably without machinery. Let your own observation decide which is the more satisfactory group.

Dr. Parker recurs to the trite argument that Christ's teaching was without liturgy or paraphernalia. What of that? So was his healing. Shall we then discard the apparatus of the modern hospital?

SOME FORMS OF INVITATION.

This month we give photo engraved reproductions of a number of most helpful and suggestive cards and forms, which are self-explanatory.

No. 1. Announcement and Invitation to a Rally-Day service, is striking in arrangement, and attractive in form. Printing it in two colors adds to its effectiveness. These "Rally-Days" in church or Sunday School are instrumental in maintaining and arousing interest.

No. 2. Gives another attractive and striking invitation. The word "Rally" in the center and at the four corners of the card is printed in red and adds much to the striking appearance of the card.

No. 3. This is a reproduction of a handsomely engraved card of invitation to regular

church services. It is real copper-plate work and on a fine bristol board is one of the most elegant cards of invitation to church services we have ever seen.

No. 4. An invitation card with calendar of services is a card which can be made most attractive printed in black. Printed on a translucent tinted bristol round cornered card it makes one of the neatest forms we have received.

No. 5. An Invitation Card in rather more popular form. In some sections and among certain classes of people this card would prove more effective than the handsomely engraved No. 3.

No. 6. Invitation Card, the reverse side of which contains an artistic half-tone engraving of "Christ at the door." This card is fully described and advertised in another place in this issue by the Pastor's Supply Co. We have seen no handsomer card of invitation.

No. 7. Rev. Thos. S. Brock of the First M. E. Church, Bradley Beach, N. J., issues always forms which are attractive and up-to-date. This is one of his "Revival Dodgers." For general distribution such a form will certainly command attention and win attendants.

The Pastor's Supply Co., Washington, Ga., will gladly quote prices on any of their forms on application. Always state quantity desired and enclose stamp for reply.

A Model Pastoral Letter.

Parsonage
of the
First Methodist Episcopal Church,
Morris Park, N. Y., Sept. 29 1900.

To the Members of the First Methodist Episcopal Church:

Greeting:—We are at the opening of our work together as pastor and people. During the past six months we have been getting acquainted that we might be better able with one accord to push the work of God effectively. I have been cheered by the heartiness of your welcome, inspired by your encouraging words and kind deeds, moved to admiration by your loyalty, and highly gratified by the progressive spirit that seems to actuate your church life. I already feel that there is something more that joins us than the official relation—we are friends. We are united in helpful fellowship for the purpose of spreading the blessings of Christ and saving immortal souls.

In the call of the "Twentieth Century Forward Movement," asking for the salvation of two million souls before December 31, 1901, it is not so much a question whether the Church can save two million souls. The overmastering question is, can the Church herself be saved if she refuses to do everything in her power to save these millions

This instantly resolves itself into a personal question, can I be saved if I refuse or neglect to do all in my power for the salvation of the lost. The revival that we need is not so much one of a series of special meetings, as it is one in which each regular meeting shall be special. The revival that we must have is one of personal experience and personal effort. As church member it is possible for us to be in as dangerous a condition as the most unawakened sinner. In that condition both classes would need a like awakening. The constant conscious assurance of Christ as our personal Saviour is the privilege and true condition of the Christian's heart life.

Again this revival is one of family religion. If family religion declines, all religion declines. The family ceases to be distinctively religious and becomes merely ethical when prayer is allowed to wane and worship is simply a thing of church service. Who would think of doing away with prayer in the church service. Yet it is infinitely more important that prayer be maintained in the family life. In spite of the fact that the genius of the age, marked by a rapid civilization and a fast driving commercial spirit, seems to be the enemy of the family altar, I beseech you that you find time for home prayer as well as public and private prayer.

Our revival is not to be trumpeted or advertised. We do not expect to call in a "professional evangelist" until the work gets too big for the pastor. This revival is not to be gotten up. It is to come down. It is not to be man-made, but God-made. Instead of asking you to support a protracted meeting and attend church fourteen nights in two weeks, this revival asks you to attend payer-meeting fourteen times in fourteen weeks. Therefore, by not holding revival meetings every evening the week, let us hold a condensed and concentrated revival on one evening in the week. The Wednesday evening prayer meeting is to be the campaign service of this revival.

And now having suffered me this word of exhortation, will you aid still further in the carrying out of a plan, which, I feel will be in the interest of the duties indicated in this letter. May I ask you to carefully and conscientiously fill out the answers to the questions on the enclosed sheet and return the same to me as soon as possible.

With affection and prayer for you all, I am,
Your pastor,
LINCOLN H. CASWELL.

That a pastor knows the spiritual condition of the individual members of his church is of supreme importance if he is to help them in their spiritual life. Hence the pertinency of the following:

QUESTIONNAIRE.

Your pastor desires to know the condition of your spiritual experience and religious custom, and also seeks your advice that he may better know how to deal with the Church problems.

You are not required to sign your name, though, if you desire to do so, your pastor will regard it in sacred confidence.

1. At what age were you converted? .....
2. Was your conversion sudden or gradual?
.....
3. Were you conscious of your conversion by any other evidence than a mere intellectual change of mind? If so describe that evidence?
.....
.....
4. Have you ever had any other marked religious awakening? If so what did it lead to,

for example, restoration from backsliding, concentration, sanctification, baptism of the Holy Spirit, re-consecration after a period of coldness?

5. Regardless of past experience what is your present relation to Christ?

.....

6. Do you have family worship? If not, have you ever had? Also give reason why you do not now?

.....

7. Do you believe it to be God's will that you should observe this custom? If so, will you establish the family altar now?

.....

8. Are you accustomed to attend the Wednesday evening prayer meeting? If so, can you make any suggestions in regard to making it more helpful? If you are not a regular attendant give some suggestion which you believe would make the evening more attractive?

.....

9. Do you desire to see your church prosper, your friends converted and a great awakening in spiritual life in this community?

.....

10. Will you NOW CONSECRATE YOURSELF in a deeper sense than ever before to the Lord Jesus Christ?

.....

Name ..... Address .....

The Pastor in the After Meeting.

By Rev. A. T. Kempton, Fitchburg, Mass.

The after meeting is one of the pastor's greatest opportunities for success or defeat. That I may be able to say some word in these lines that may help you to better success than you have ever had before, is my prayer. A good way to come up to the after-meeting is to preach the strongest Gospel sermon you know how in the first service. Put the matter very clearly before the people that they need salvation and that they need it now and they are lost without it. As the first service is to close, have the people sing a hymn, remaining seated while they sing, and say that no benediction will be pronounced and at the end of the hymn, not before, those who feel that they MUST go, may have the opportunity and you will be pleased to have all the others stay. Many will remain that would go if they had been standing. I think it a good plan to have the after-meeting in the same room where the audience has been during the first service, unless it is altogether too large and cold. You will often lose many in moving them, the very ones you want to stay. It is so easy to slip out and go home. Have your workers around in the back of the church to ask folks to stay and also to get the names of some who seemed interested but did not stay. Have the workers very courteous and not too urgent. Let the choir strike up some good familiar hymn and sing heartily.

Usually the minister had better stay in the pulpit unless he is too far from the audience, but many ministers seem anxious to get out of the pulpit and down on the floor. The pulpit is the captain's bridge, and there he ought to stay. The minister is the captain of that service; let him stay in command. If necessary to get nearer the people, let him move them up to him. Stand on the bridge and be in command of that service until the last word is said.

This service, more than any other, must be run on time. You are using golden moments now. Realize it, and make the people realize it. Have a few short prayers. The minister has had his say, now give the people a chance and have some of them prepared to take the first moment you offer. This it seems to me is a good way to have them prepare for it. Select one of your most spiritual and willing workers to do it, if you cannot yourself, and have him ask say a dozen or more to gather in a side room twenty minutes before the first service and pray for the after-meeting especially. When they are prepared in heart they will not sit and stare at each other through those awful, deadly, soul-killing pauses. I have found that the testimony of Christians is a helpful thing in the after-meeting. The pastor must wisely and kindly stop long praying and long speaking by some skillful means. Set the example first himself. Vary the meeting of course, and as much as possible, but have every one feel that all is leading up to the one climax, the giving of the invitation. That is the important matter in this service. Change the manner of giving the invitation. I have found this a good form to use. First ask for those to rise who will say by rising, "With God's help, from this time forward I am determined to live a Christian life. Second, ask all who are church members to rise; this will leave some still sitting. Now ask those who desire to become Christians and would like to be prayed for to rise. You now have a good number on their feet. The ones who are standing will make it easier for those who have some desire to become Christians to rise. Try and meet each one that rose on the first and third invitations before they go away. If possible, have a moment of prayer with them. Get their names and address through the workers so that you need only think of the spiritual work. Have a number of slips which you have prepared yourself to give them. I prepare mine on the typewriter and hectograph. These slips contain such suggestions as "How to become a Christion." "Do not put off." "What Christ wants you to do." And many such helpful suggestions with the appropriate passages of Scripture marked. It will be of special interest and help to them to know you prepared those yourself. Then if a special case come before you, take a piece of paper and write the passages that person needs to read. This will make necessary a good working knowledge of the Bible. We ought to have it, and be able to use it in this way too. We have only this one book to master in this way, the physician has scores. Yet he writes his prescription with ease and accuracy from any one of them. So ought the Physician of Souls. The Holy Spirit will teach the pastor who does this how to help a soul into the Light, as in my own case, such helpful and appropriate passages will come to your mind that you will be surprised. You will need to prepare well for this in your study. It is just the very thing we ought to prepare for. To have skill to bring the Word

of God to bear on the individual and needy soul. It seems to me nearly as dangerous a thing to send an ailing man to the drug store and tell him to get something to take, and leave him chase or guess, as to send a person out under conviction, to open the Bible and read anywhere and any part. To the pastor belongs the "Rightly dividing the words of truth." It must be the minister who will know how and what to prescribe for the sin-sick soul, and he must be one to direct to the special place where the help may be found. He will need to know well his "Biblia Medica" with its balms and purges; its acids and salts; its irritants and counter irritants; its soothing and invigorating mixtures. Yes, the words that will speak Life to the soul.

A very excellent plan is for the pastor to have the after meeting close with a hymn, and quietly take his place at the door, saying before he goes, that if there are any who desire to be Christians, and have not manifested it yet, he will be glad to take them by the hand and they may speak of that desire to him at that time. This opens a way for those that are so timid that they will not rise or those that are prejudiced against rising. Open every avenue to people to come to the duty of open confession. This will give the pastor a rare opportunity to get near all the unsaved. Use it, brother, they expect it, they may pull off some, but they want to know the way to be saved. It has been a surprise and a joy to me to have people tell me after they were converted, how thankful they were that I did not notice their holding off, but went right ahead and talked kindly with them on the need of being Christians, and most of all, prayed with them.

Do not leave these cases to take care of themselves any longer than you can help. Follow them with a personal letter on Monday morning if possible. Use plenty of Scripture. That is what will help them. Lay the stress of your attention and anxiety on the place where it belongs, on having them become Christians first of all. Then urge the second important thing, that they make that known in public, and third, that they unite with SOME church; and fourth, that they unite with your church. If you work with them in this order you will have far more influence with them than if you reverse the order. Then have them come to your home or church on Monday evening if possible. Close in around them now that they have made the start. Satan will bring his best tactics to bear now, and they may have some friends who are not Christians that will throw their influence in the wrong direction, even if they do not mean to. Stand by them until you see them safely anchored within the fold. They will thank you for it after they are in. Have some good Christians call on them in their homes, and keep this up for several weeks until a good number of your best Christian people have been in that home. You are not simply working on that single case now, but on the whole family and their friends.

Get those who came out in the after meeting into the week night prayer meeting Make that meeting as helpful as possible for their sakes, and every one else, too.

The after meeting is the service that stretches over the entire week. Prepare for it during the week before it, and follow up during the ensuing week the results you got in the meeting. Go into every after meeting for results. Ask God to bless the meeting and give you results. If ministers try to win souls to Christ they can. They will succeed. They may fail in many other things, but they must succeed in this if they earnestly try.

It seems as if every church ought to hold an after meeting. There is a special place for it in the program of church work. It is needed. Certainly God has wonderfully blessed and owned the after meeting in His work in days gone by and He is yet. Go into the after meeting with the determination that if possible you will lead some souls to Christ, and ask the Holy Spirit to help you, and He will.

A,43,89 V

How to have a Working Church.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D. (Presbyterian).

Mr. Spurgeon was not only the most effective preacher of the simple Gospel in modern times; he was a most admirable administrator of church activities. He preached to five or six thousand souls on the Sabbath, lectured to a crowd on Thursday evenings, edited his "Sword and Trowel," controlled his Pastor's College, Orphanage, etc., and kept a sharp eye on all the interest of a church of over 4,000 communicants. Henry Ward Beecher, with all his electric eloquence, used to lament that he had no taste for pastoral duties, and no executive ability for church management. Dr. Joseph Parker's eminence is in the pulpit. The Rev. Newman Hall's great skill in the driving of church machinery has been one secret of his success during the thirty years of his London ministry. A minister may be an elegant pulpiteer, and yet have an inactive church.

I. Let me say to every young brother—if you expect to have an active church, you must be a wide-awake, industrious man yourself. An idle pastor makes an idle church. If you are caught smoking a cigar on your lounge and dwadling over magazines; if you are seen out oftener driving for pleasure, or loafing in book stores and picture galleries, than you are in visiting your flock, then your people will soon hold you cheap, and conclude they have a lazy minister. They will come to the same conclusion if you put into your pulpit every man who comes along in a black coat. Never cheapen your pulpit. Go to it as often as possible, even if by unavoidable circumstances you have been hindered from preparing a finished discourse. An imperfect sermon soaked with prayer and sent home with fervor, may do great execution. Rest and recreate with easy occupations on Monday, get at your sermon on Tuesday (the minister's best day), and never commit the idiotic crime of writing a sermon on Saturday evening. Make the most of your hours when your mind works like a trip hammer, and put on paper your best thoughts—whether you ever take the paper into the pulpit or not. Use the forenoons for study and your afternoons for thorough pastoral visitation, and your evenings for meeting and reading and social pur-

poses. Sleep all night if you want to keep your people wide-awake all Sabbath, and when you sleep, as Paddie said, "pay attention to it."

More ministers break down from want of sleep than from want of brains. Know the geography of your parish thoroughly, and, if possible, know every member of every family —especially the poorer and humbler families. Don't have any running places or favorite resorts, and don't let anyone in the congregation own you. Show an interest in whatever your people are doing. Discuss the affairs and activities of your church with all your families; commend those who are most prompt at prayer meeting and most alert in service for the Master, and kindly chide those who are delinquent. If you win your people's hearts they will bear any reproof kindly; scolding is as useless out of the pulpit as in it.

2. It is vitally important for you, in the next place, to develop the activity of your members and to direct them into fields of usefulness. There is a vast amount of latent power in most of our congregations; and in large churches there is a tendency to say, "Oh, you have enough to do the work without me." As small farms are usually the best tilled, so small churches are often the best worked. There must be leaders in every church; but don't try to push into prominence conceited people who happen to have large purses or social conspicuousness. The best workers are often those of humblest social rank; and no man or woman should be prominent unless they have earned their position by consecration to the Master's service. Try to discover what a man is best fitted for, and then set him at it. When a new member comes into your church—either by conversion or transmission from another church, do not let him settle down into a mere "passenger." Endeavor to enlist him at once into some line of usefulness. There will be some conceited and presumptious folk who thrust themselves into positions for which they have no capacity; but such very soon find their level. I have generally found the ardent, zealous Christians, even when sometimes indiscreet, accomplish a great deal more than the over-prudent phlegmatic sort. Good Dr. Brainard used to say, "I whip up the fast horses, for there are plenty that don't pull a pound."

3. Keep your eye on all operations of the church, not to do the trustee's work or the elder's work or the Sabbath school superintendent's work, but to see that they do it. A meddlesome minister may be as mischievous as an idle one; yet oversight and wise counsel are your prerogative. Always attend your prayer meeting, both for your own spiritual profit and also to put honor on the most vital service, next to the preaching of the Word. As long as you have elders and competent laymen who can lead the meeting, commit the leadership of the service to them; this will develop them and relieve you of "overmuch speaking."

Open-Air Work.

Now is the time to plan for open-air work, if it has not already been done. We fancy there are few churches which could not with profit inaugurate some form of open-air work, both for the good of those who can be induced to engage in it and especially for the sake of those who do not attend church. The following sketch, by Rev. A. Blackburn, of Cambridge, Mass., fully explains the methods and results:

What Is It? To carry the gospel to multitudes of people who, for some reason or other, do not attend churches. A very large part of the people do not darken church doors; they are on the commons, at the seaside, on the streets. The open-air preacher seeks them out, and in a simple and attractive way, invites them to the better life in Christ Jesus. It is one way of fulfilling the command, '*Go, ye.*"

How Do It? There are many ways. One of the best is to have a "*Gospel wagon.*" Have a permit from the authorities, and, if you treat them well, the police will stand by you. Insist on having order; be firm but kind, be brief, crisp and use plain English. Tracts may be distributed. Don't use cheap ones. Of several thousand distributed from my wagon last summer, not one was ever found on the street.

But a wagon is not a necessity; a box or a large barrel, or stout chair may be used. Even the curbstone or a stump makes a good pulpit. Sunday afternoons and week-day evenings may be utilized for this work.

For Effective Bible Study.

After ten years inquiry and searching from time to time I have found at last what every preacher, Bible student, Sunday school teacher and Christian worker needs in order to use his Bible with satisfaction to himself and profit and blessing to others. It is "*The Travis Reference Line System, Adapted to Bible Study.*" It consists of three distinct divisions —Old Testament Study, Life of Christ, and Apostles Study—each in itself complete. They are not books, but *studies* so arranged that one or all may easily be inserted in your own Bible, and thus be always at hand for ready use and reference. You have in compact available form, information and facts that it would take you years to obtain had you access to the libraries of the world. Of more practical worth than all commentaries. As a time-saver worth a pastor's salary for a year; in a word, invaluable. To begin to describe this wonderful help to the proper study and right understanding of the Bible in this space is impossible. Of immense value, you get the whole thing for so small a sum, as that all are amazed. Only 60 cents for each study, or $1.80 for the complete set. I am confident that I do "you a special service in calling your attention to this valuable aid." Such is my confidence that on receipt of $1.80 I will send you a complete set, postpaid, and if after examination you do not wish the set return it and I will immediately return your money with postage for return of set. It is endorsed by Moody, Conwell, Torrey and all the famous Bible students and teachers of the United States, Canada and England. Address

ELLISON R. COOK, Washington, Ga.

A CALL TO UP-TO-DATE PASTORS.

CLERGYMAN'S CO-OPERATIVE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

For mutual helpfulness and exchange of printed matter and plans.

REV. ELLISON R. COOK, Secretary, Washington, Ga.

4 C CLUB.

See page 270 of March issue.

Some are deterred from uniting with us on the ground that 25 extra copies of printed form are not always available and so we now make obligation as to how many copies are sent wholly voluntary. The 50 cents for membership is to pay the necessary expenses for stationery, stamps, etc., in the secretary's office. No one has complained at this small charge. Several have written that it was not enough. But by sending to the Secretary an order for books you virtually obtain membership free, we devoting the usual profit on the books for purpose of expenses.

Our membership is increased by almost every mail and we already have on our list some of the most successful pastors in this country.

We are promised within a short time, for the benefit of "4 C Club" members, some of the newest and most unique church forms ever issued in the United States. They will appear in May list.

We have a large number of specimens sent in, but they are not in sufficient quantity to include in our list. Our members promise to have this in view, however, in their future printing orders.

500 Names for April—An Attractive Offer.

We want 500 new members to the "4 C Club" in April. To every pastor who responds before April 15th, sending 50 cents to pay for membership, the Secretary will send postpaid a copy of the unique invaluable "Pastor's Pocket Directory for Systematic Visitation." You will wonder after seeing and using this splendid help, how you ever got along without it.

Remember, you must respond before April 15th and send 50 cents for a year's membership in "The 4 C Club." Address Rev. Ellison R. Cook, Washington, Ga.

Printed Matter Received.

For cards and folder Nos. 1 to 9, see page 271, March issue.

Ready to be sent out on request of members.

We have the following admirable forms in quantity sufficient to send out. We will number consecutively. Order always by number.

No. 9—Question Box folders, printed in two colors and described in March "Current Anecdotes."

No. 10—Beautiful Easter program; artistic cover, in colors.

No. 11—Cards for special requests, for prayer and aid in spiritual life.

No. 12—Sick card, to notify pastor of any member of his church or congregation who is sick or in need of special pastoral care.

No. 13—Blank for S. S. teacher's report to pastor of absent pupils. Wonderfully helpful in building up a Sunday school.

No. 14—Card for record of weekly payments for support of the gospel. To be used in card index cabinet by church treasurer, or by the individual member to keep accurate account of his payments.

No. 15—Card for roll of church membership (card index cabinet form).

No. 16—Card for use of pastor in keeping record of his membership by families.

Note—We wish to call special attention to these last three forms; they are entirely unique and will prove of interest to any pastor.

No. 17—Invitation to church anniversary.

No. 18—Enlistment card.

No. 19—Application for church membership.

No. 20—Rally day invitation.

Send 2-cent stamp for postage.

Address Rev. Ellison R. Cook, Washington, Ga.

Something Entirely New for the Children of your Church and Sunday School.

The Sunday School Lesson Picture Card Holder is the outgrowth of the need felt by a practical Sunday school teacher of some device to preserve the bright artistic cards in a useful and convenient method for the quarter.

Every up-to-date pastor and teacher will recognize the almost unlimited uses to which this system can be put.

It aids the child to memorize the texts and lesson story.

It beautifies the home and interests the entire family.

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It stimulates regular attendance, for the children dislike to have a blank space on the holder.

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In small classes the teacher will make use of it for review.

It is best to give a new holder each quarter that the lessons may be preserved for the entire year.

The holder has been upon the market only six months and the call for it from other workers, from Maine to Oregon, is proof that they also see the importance of keeping the cards from being destroyed.

The holder is white bristol card, size 14x18 inches, supplied with hangers, and cut ready for the pictures, with space for name of pupil and school at the top.

Price, five or less, 10 cents; more than five, 7 cents, prepaid.

Address PASTOR'S SUPPLY CO., Washington, Ga. W. Frank Cooke, Jr., Manager.

No. 1

ANNUAL

Rally-Day Services

—OF—

Wesley Monumental Sunday-School,

—HELD—

Sunday Afternoon, October 14th, 1900,

AT 4 O'CLOCK.

Rally.
Return.
Recruit.
Reorganize.

YOU WILL FIND

A Cordial Welcome, a Special Program, Good Singing, and a Pleasant Time Promised.

You are expected.

R. B. REPPARD,
C. V. SNEDEKER,
Superintendents.

Rally. No. 2 Rally.

Bethany Presbyterian Church, Cor. 14. Ave. and Washington St., invites you to her special Rallying Day services Sunday, Sept. 27th. We want every friend of the church to attend Rally the services at 10:30 A. M., and the Children's special exercises at 12:00 M. We will reserve seats for parents and friends of our scholars.

Rally. Rally.

No. 4.

Come thou with us and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." *Num. 10:29.*

Good Will and Fellowship.

YOU will always find a Hearty Welcome at all the services of

The First Congregational Church,

Sixth Street and Everett Ave., Kansas City, Kansas.

Preaching 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m.
Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 7:30.
Our evening service is Bright, Brief, Brotherly.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

FRANK FOX, Pastor. Residence 563 Freeman Avenue.

No. 3.

First Presbyterian Church
B. Ingham, L. I.
The Rev. John Diedrich Long, Pastor
Morning services at eleven
Evening services at half past seven.
We cordially invite your presence
at our services

No. 5.

A Cordial Welcome

FOR You

* * * * * EVERY SUNDAY

AT THE

FREE BAPTIST CHURCH.

"Come thou with us and we will do thee good."

No. 6

Washington Methodist Church,
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
Liberty Street, . . . Washington, Ga.
ELLISON R. COOK, Pastor.
Study at Parsonage, Water St.

TO ALL who are strangers and have no church home, who would enjoy a helpful hour of worship on Sunday and at midweek, who are weary and would find rest, who are not satisfied and would live a higher life, who are willing to help us in heralding the coming of the King and in applying the truths of the Gospel to the problems of life, our church extends a cordial welcome

SUNDAY SERVICES.
Preaching . . . . . 11.00 A M and 7.30 P M
Sunday-school . . . . . 9.45 A M
Epworth League (Devotional) . . . . . 6.00 P M
WEDNESDAY.
Prayer Meeting . . . . . 7.30 P M

No. 7.

Revival SERVICES.. Object: "To make bad people good. To make good people better. And keep them so by the Gospel of Christ."

Will be Commenced with the

Opening Services in the New Church at Bradley Beach,

Sunday, Oct. 14th.

Mr. & Mrs. Harry Loper will sing at each Service.

The Pastor and Others will tell the GOSPEL STORY.

This is a personal invitation to YOU and your FAMILY.

COME! PRAY! WORK!

THOMAS S. BROCK, Pastor.

Specimens of Church Advertising, to which reference is made in the Department of Methods. Reduced to one-half size.

BANKS' SERMONS.

Vol. II. INCORPORATED WITH CURRENT ANECDOTES. No. 4.

THE EASTER EXPERIENCES OF MARY MAGDALENE.

"She * * saith unto him, Sir."—John 20: 15. (Rev. Ver.) "She * * saith unto him * * Master."—John 20: 16. (Rev. Ver.) "Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord."—John 20: 18. (Rev. Ver.)

The earthquake had already shaken open the sepulcher in Joseph's garden, the angel had rolled away the stone from the mouth of the tomb which had been holding the body of Jesus, and the guard of soldiers set to keep Christ in his grave had fled away frightened into the city. Then it was that Mary Magdalene, while it was yet dark, before the dawn had broken into day, came to the sepulcher, and when she saw that the stone was taken away she was greatly excited, and ran as fast as she could to where John and Peter were staying, and exclaimed to them, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulcher, and we know not where they have laid him." It took no second appeal to attract the attention of these two men. They hurried away, leaving the worn-out woman to come behind. As they proceeded they became more aroused, and both of them ran on their way to the sepulcher. John outran Peter, and came first to the grave. He did not enter it, however, but paused at the mouth of the open tomb, a sort of solemn timidity taking possession of him. But when Peter came up he went immediately into the grave and examined everything, and afterwards John followed him, and became thoroughly convinced that Jesus was indeed risen from the dead.

Peter and John, after thoroughly examining the place, went away thoughtfully to their home to talk the matter over together, but Mary did not go with them. Her heart clung to the spot where she had last seen the body of Jesus. She stood weeping outside the tomb. How many women have stood outside the tomb since feeling that it was the most sacred place on earth to them, and have thus entered into that fellowship of tears with Mary Magdalene. Finally, still weeping, she stooped down and looked into the tomb again, and was amazed to see two angels clothed in shining white, the one sitting at the head and the other at the feet where the body of Jesus had lain. And as she gazed upon them one of them spoke to her and said, "Woman, why weepest thou?" And she said unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Just then something attracted her attention and she turned herself back and saw Jesus standing, but did not at first recognize that it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, repeating the question of the angels, "Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" And Mary, supposing he was the man who had charge of the garden in which was the sepulcher, said, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away."

Something touched the heart of Jesus and caused him to reveal himself to her. It may have been the despairing attitude, or the look of utter loneliness and loss in her face, or those tender words showing the depth of her devotion for him—that sort of hopeless love which made her long to find the poor dead body, as if that were all there was left of her Lord—or it may have been also a feeling of loss in Christ's own heart, when she who had been accustomed to meet him so gratefully and tenderly now addressed him in those formal tones and in that cold word, "Sir." How often our address to Christ is so cold and formal and ceremonious that Christ must feel that there is no loving appreciation or tender recognition in it! For whatever reason, Christ determined to relieve this suffering heart of its loneliness and depression, and with, I have no doubt, a smile of infinite compassion and love, and a tone that was electric, going to her very heart, Jesus spoke to her one word—but that word was her own name and uttered with a voice and with a look that she could never misunderstand.

"Mary," said Jesus, and at that she turned herself, with an exclamation of astonishment, and cried out, "Rabboni!" This title existed in the Jewish schools under a threefold form: Rab, master, the lowest degree of honor; Rabbi, my master, of higher dignity; Rabboni, my great master, the most honorable of all, publicly given, we are told, to only seven persons, all of the school of Hillel and of great eminence. So we can easily picture the scene as Mary excitedly throws up her hands and turning away from the tomb starts toward the Lord as though she would fall at his feet and embrace them, and cries out in an exclamation of relief and love, "My great Master." His recent death, the strange experiences of the last days, the mystery and the awe that surround the occasion, the angels she had just seen, and the fact that she had but just spoken to Christ and not recognized him, the confusion of her mind as to what this wonderful resurrection could mean—all this explains why even now she does not use a tenderer word in addressing Jesus. But the great longing of her heart is in that sentence, and in the attitude, as she throws herself down to embrace the feet of the Saviour.

At first glance it seems very strange to us that Christ should have met that offered embrace with a seemingly cold refusal. He had not met her so when she had poured the ointment on his head and had washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. There had been words of sweetest comfort and blessing then, and he had

defended her right to love him and minister to him before those hard critical eyes which had been fastened on her in contemptuous gaze, and before all at the dinner table had borne testimony to her forgiveness and had spoken of the depth of her love and devotion in tender sympathetic words that had been to her bruised heart like showers of rain to a withered, thirsty plant. But now, when her weeping for him has led him to reveal himself and she falls on her knees to embrace his feet—the very feet she had covered with tears and kisses that day of the feast—Christ is turning her away and saying, "Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto the Father: but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God." But cold as it seems at first glance, as we study do we not see its wisdom and its tenderness as well? Christ is saying to Mary Magdalene, "There will be time enough to embrace me, but let us not forget now those poor wounded hearts yonder among my disciples and your friends. They are just as anxious as you are and they do not know yet that I am risen. They do not understand, and I will make you my messenger. Go and tell them that the great God in heaven is not only my Father but yours, and theirs, and comfort their hearts with the certainty that I have come off victorious over death and the grave." And Mary seems to have understood, for she hurries away to the disciples. And I want you to take notice that when she comes to them she uses a different term in speaking about Jesus. She no longer talks about "The Master," but it is now "The Lord." With glowing, exalted face, and an air of one who has been in heaven, she comes in among them and says, "I have seen the Lord!" Then she proceeds to give them at length and in detail the message of Christ to them. By sending Mary on this errand of mercy to his disciples Christ put the crown on self-denying service for others. And there is in it the assurance for us that it is often more acceptable to the heart of Christ for us to be carrying comfort and good cheer to those who are perplexed and in trouble and need than to be embracing Christ on our knees in prayer in our own homes.

And what a sweet message it was that Mary had to carry to the disciples—the recognition of their brotherhood with Christ, the assurance of their inner personal sonship to God. Christ had said many loving things to them before. Just a little while before his arrest he had assured them of his friendship and had said to them, "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." But he comes closer to them now than this, and assures them that they are a part of his family, his Father is their Father, he is the Elder Brother who will look after their inheritance and care for their interests in heaven, and he will intrust his interests on earth to them, and they shall stand in his place and represent him before men. They shall be known as the brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ. How sweet is the precious message that Mary carried that first Easter morning! And it has not lost any of its sweetness through the lapse of the ages. It comes to us with just as much tenderness and sweetness as to them. How honored we are, how exalted, to have this privilege of brotherhood with Jesus Christ. Sometimes men go to a great deal of trouble to trace out their relationship to some lofty personage, and take great comfort out of the fact that though they have never accomplished any great thing themselves, they are brother or sister to one who has so served the world as to receive great honor; they feel that the whole family have been honored in him. But the highest possible honor that can come in the way of relationship can come to the very poorest and most sinful man or woman in the world who will accept it.

Mr. Spurgeon thinks it is a very significant fact that Christ should have made Mary Magdalene his message-bearer to the disciples on Easter morning, and should thus have so honored one who had been so great a sinner. Mary Magdalene had fallen very low. It was out of her that Christ cast seven devils. Luther used to say of her, "So many devils, so many sins." But poor sinner though she had been, she now had become an honored saint. It was just like Jesus to appear to her first. It was just like our Divine Lord and in perfect harmony with his mission to the world that he should have given most honor to the one among his intimate friends who had had the most sin. When Jesus takes a sinner to himself, he does not hold him at arm's length. Ah, no; he takes him into his very heart and home, and so completely forgives all previous sin that the very chief of sinners may become the most honored of his disciples and friends. Christ's treatment of Mary Magdalene should comfort any one who after years of indifference and sin has at last seen the folly and wickedness of such a life and has come full of repentance to the Saviour. Take the comfort of it to your soul. Though you will always regret that you stayed away from Christ so long, yet when you notice this Easter tenderness of Jesus to Mary Magdalene you must feel that Christ will not hold up the past against you, but that if you are loving and true to him, as Mary was, he will be true to you, and will honor you, and give you his friendship, and own you in heaven forever.

But I imagine that Mr. Spurgeon is right when he believes that Mary was selected to see Christ first for still another reason, and that was because she loved most. John loved Jesus much, but Mary loved him better; John went away when he saw an empty sepulcher, but Mary stood without and wept. Love is keen-eyed. They say love is blind. In one sense it is true; but there never were such good eyes as those which love can carry in its head. Love will look after Jesus, and discover him where none else can. If I set the unloving heart to read a chapter in the Bible it finds no Jesus there. But when the loving heart takes up that same chapter Christ's face is in every paragraph. A critical scholar may

read a Psalm and see no Messiah there; but an enthusiastic lover of Jesus will see glimpses of his glory everywhere. If you want to see Jesus, and have daily sweet visions of his glory, you must love him. You must seek him as Mary did. "Seek him in the darkness and the twilight, seek him when the sun is risen, seek him at the tomb before the stone is rolled away; you must seek him when you behold that the stone is gone; you must seek him in the hollow tomb; you must seek him in the garden; you must seek him in life; you must seek him in death," and then, the more diligent you are in seeking, the more frequently Christ will manifest himself to you and the more keenly you will rejoice on finding him. Mary went forth bearing precious seeds; she went forth weeping, but she returned to the disciples rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her, for it was a rich and happy message she had for them. She had sown tears when she went out to seek her Lord, but all her tears were full of joy when she came back from her visit with him. And the happiness that Mary Magdalene knew is within the reach of every one who will love Christ as she did. Love is the crowning grace of the Christian life. Some one sings of Hope, and Faith, and Love, but gives the crown, as Paul did, to love:

"A magic boat I saw afloat
On the stormy sea of life;
With pure, bright brow a child at the prow
Steered through the raging strife.

"And 'mid the storm that cherub form
Sang clearly, ceasing never:
'Bright Hope will sail through the fiercest gale
On the sea of life forever!'

"The boat sped on; the day was gone;
Dark clouds that child surrounded;
Yet like a star it shone afar
As it ever onward bounded.

"And higher grown, its alter'd tone
Sang firmly, faltering never:
'Faith steers aright, through the blackest night,
On the sea of life forever.'

"Through perils dark that magic bark
To its heavenly haven bounded;
And the child, full grown, like an angel shone,
Its brow with a crown surrounded.

"And high it sung with seraph tongue,
Its music ceasing never:
'Love shining bright, is the highest light
On the sea of life forever.'"

There seems to me to be something significant in the three terms which Mary Magdalene used to designate Jesus on Easter morning. The three titles are, "Sir," "Master," "Lord." Those are the three steps by which Mary mounted to supreme gladness in the consciousness of Christ's resurrection and to joyous confidence in her risen Lord. She called him "Sir" when he was simply a stranger to her. She thought he was the gardener or some one who might give her information about what she wanted to know. It was a title of formal ceremony. And are there not those on this Easter evening who stand in just that relation to Jesus? You have heard about Christ all your life, you believe in him as an historical character and as a great influential factor in the history of the world. But if you were to speak to him you could not honestly go beyond that term "Sir." As you stand today that would be the only appropriate title on your lips in addressing Jesus; but how unsatisfactory that is! Such an attitude toward Jesus can never be any comfort in the great trials and sorrows of life. You cannot stand beside the coffin of your dead loved ones and get any comfort from Jesus if you cannot come closer to him than that. Easter, after all, is a cold, meaningless festival to you unless Christ is known to you by some dearer name.

Then there was the next title, "My great Master." That was wrung from Mary's lips as she began to realize that it was Jesus and that he was risen from the dead. But in her confusion and perplexity the old tender relation which she had held toward him seemed impossible; he was Master, he was Rabbi, he was Teacher, he held destiny in his hands, she could not live without him, but her poor bruised heart had not gathered its confidence yet, so as to bring her into a still closer relation to Christ than she had ever known. I imagine that some who hear me are in that position. You are trying to be Christians and you worship Christ, and yet you do not love him with the tenderness and devotion of which you are capable.

But it is only a step from where you stand to joy and gladness unutterable, and I pray God that you may take that step now. As Mary walked away hurrying homeward to tell the disciples the wonderful message Christ had given her, everything fell into its proper place. She was the daughter of God, she was the sister of Jesus Christ, Christ was risen from the dead, he would live forever, he was not only her Lord but he was Lord over all, and he loved and honored her. And so it was with love and devotion indescribable that she came into the presence of her friends and said with a hushed voice, "I have seen the Lord." Ah, thank God, many another heart has come to Easter morning with all the gloom and sorrow and heart-break of sickness and death and the grave, mourning their loved ones as having been overcome and swallowed up by the grim monster, who have been able to say after the blessed visions of the Easter day, "I have seen the Lord."

Christ is still revealing himself to men and women, and he longs to reveal himself to every one of us. You may be sure if in your inmost heart at this moment you are seeking him sorrowing, that if you will listen in the hush of your soul you will hear him call your name, as he did that of Mary at the dawn of the first Easter day. "Behold I stand at the door and knock," says Jesus. That is to you, and if you will open the door of your heart tonight the Easter glory may crown all the years to come.

THE EASTER EARTHQUAKE.

"There was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it."—Matthew 28: 2.

The trouble with the wrongdoer is that he can never get to the end of the wrong that it seems necessary to do in order to make good his case. If a man tells one lie he tells another to get out of it, and then only gets the deeper in the mire. His falsehoods draw him the deeper into the meshes of insecurity. So it is with all sin, with all insincerity, with all shams and frauds, and with all who place themselves out of harmony and out of touch with the right. The people who had followed Jesus with malignant hatred to his death are good illustrations of this truth. They thought if they could get rid of Christ by having him crucified they would be able to rest in peace. He had come into their midst a very disturbing factor. He had uncovered the hypocrisy and worthless formality of their lives. They hated him and thought if they could get him put to death judicially it would be the end of his disturbing prophecies and sermons, and everything would settle down into the old quiet again. But they no sooner had accomplished the death of Jesus on the cross than they were worried about another trouble, and that was a fear that he would not remain dead. The next day after the crucifixion and his burial in Joseph's tomb, the chief priests and Pharisees went together to Pilate, and they said, "Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, 'After three days I will rise again.' Command therefore that the sepulcher be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night and steal him away, and say unto the people, 'He is risen from the dead': so the last error shall be worse than the first." Pilate, who had permitted himeslf to be a party to the crucifixion of Christ against his own will and judgment in order to please these people, was not likely to draw back now and make difficulties when, as he looked at it, the guard could make no difference to anybody. So he ordered for them the watch and said, "Go your way, make it as sure as ye can." So they went and did their work thoroughly. They set a seal on the stone, the seal of the Roman government, which it was a crime punishable with death to break, and they set a strong guard to watch the sealed tomb day and night.

What a strange situation it was! It is not uncommon to leave watchers with a man to keep him from dying, to keep him alive, but in all the history of the race this is the only occasion on record where a guard was set about a man to keep him dead. And it failed. For the time passed by, and that long Saturday night slipped away at last, and as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week a great earthquake shook the ground. The garden, the tomb, the guard, swayed to and fro like a drunken man. But that was not all; if it had been, even if the stone had rolled from its place at the door, that stout Roman guard would not have fled. Those old veteran soldiers from Gaul knew their business better than that. Besides, earthquakes were not an uncommon occurence in that land. As Dr. Wright of Oberlin College says, Palestine is a region where earthquakes are easily gotten up. The whole valley of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea has been formed by a succession of earthquakes. There was an earthquake on the day of Christ's crucifixion, an earthquake so great and important that in the earthquake catalogue compiled by the British Association it is recorded as scientifically verified by evidence entirely independent of the Bible account. And yet we do not read that any one deserted his post on that account. No, an earthquake alone would never have sent those soldiers fleeing into the city like skulking cowards. But in the midst of that earthquake shock something else happened far more significant. As they rocked to and fro they saw an angel descending from heaven, a mighty angel, with countenance like lightning and with raiment as white as snow, and it was for fear of him that the soldiers began to shake and fell like dead men, and became so thoroughly frightened that as soon as they could control themselves enough to run they fled into the city. There was not a man in all the land who would have dared to break that Roman seal, but the earthquake and the angel, both of them God's messengers, had no respect for the seal of Rome, and they burst it asunder, and the angel rolled back the stone from the sepulcher and sat on it.

What message has the Easter earthquake for us on this new Easter morning? First, it suggests the victory of light over darkness. There is no night so dark but the dawn will follow. The day is stronger than the night. The sun has not withdrawn from the world even in the night; it is the earth that has rolled away from the day. But it will come back again, and the sunshine will be as warm and beautiful as ever. It was a long night to the disciples, and to all those friends of Jesus, for they scarcely dared to hope that there was anything better for them than a chance to bring spices to make fragrant his tomb. But the night ended, and the dawn came, and with it all the wonderful visions and glories of that first Easter day. Are any of us passing through the night? Is the darkness about us? Darkness so dense, it may be, that it reminds us of that Egyptian darkness that could be felt? Even then let us sorrow not as others who have no hope, for we are living in the glorious days of the Easter Gospel, and he who brought the light to the first Easter morning has power to disperse the darkness that surrounds us, and warm our hearts and inspire us with the light of Easter day.

Again, nothing can stand against our Christ. He can use even earthquakes and angels to help along his victory. What a silly thing to think a few soldiers could hold Christ in the grave when he was able to summon to his aid the great volcanic forces of nature, and to call legions of angels from the skies! So let me encourage you to hope, though your happiness seem to have been buried in a grave of hewn stone and the great rock at the

mouth is so cemented into its place and so sealed by all the force of human power that joy never can break out from its tomb and you can never open the way to it again. That is just what Peter and John and the Marys thought. But see how mistaken they were. True, no human power was able to help them, but they were not dependent upon human power. The very earth beneath and the invisible but none the less real power of the heavens above were working together to defeat the foes of God, and to comfort and console the friends of Jesus Christ. And does not Paul say to us, "All things work together for good to them that love God?" Why, then, shall we spend sleepless nights and wet our pillows with hopeless tears?—we, who are disciples of the resurrection Lord, who are the followers of the risen Christ, who are the soldiers of him who liveth and who is alive forevermore. It is unworthy of our Lord that we should go on a gloomy way and not trust him to roll back the stone from our buried joys, and bring to us the Easter glory which shall rightly crown our lives.

We ought to get courage out of this study. Difficulties face some of us that we do not have the power in ourselves to overcome. Indeed, to some of us the difficulties seem to enlarge while our power to struggle seems to decrease. Perhaps your work looms up heavier and your strength does not seem equal to the task. The burden of responsibility and care seems to be growing with the years while your strength becomes more uncertain. And so as you face the future you are saying to yourself, as the women said as they came on their loving mission to the tomb where Jesus had been buried, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" It seemed very real to them, that difficulty. They knew that they were not strong enough to do it themselves, and unless they could find some kind friend who would help them they would be unable to lay their sweet and fragrant gifts at the feet of their dead Lord. But how much better was God to them than all their fears! When they came to the place the great stone was already rolled away from the mouth of the sepulcher, and the angels who were sitting on it spoke to them in kindness and said, "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you. And they departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word. And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail." So all their fears proved groundless; that which they feared would be an insurmountable difficulty had already been rolled away by the combined efforts of the earthquake and the angel. And the very first words they had heard from the angels were words to quiet their fears. So some of us are facing difficulties which seem insurmountable to us, and are going along the way with bowed heads and foreboding hearts, when we ought to so trust God, and so believe in him, and in his precious promises to care for us, and to do the best for us, that we too shall see visions of angels sitting on the difficulties that we have dreaded. Many of the troubles we fear we shall never meet at all. They will recede and vanish into thin air as we draw near them. Other troubles through which we are passing we shall look back upon, and with the sunshine falling on them we shall be delighted to see the clouds that have seemed so dreadful spanned by God's rainbow of promise. I am not claiming that sorrow is all vague and unreal. I am not claiming that life is not a struggle, and that there are not heavy burdens for human shoulders to carry. But what I do claim is that even Gethsemane and the cross and the tomb in the garden are not separated from God's watchful care and can be reached by God's earthquakes as well as by his angels, and that God is able and willing to use both, whenever it is necessary, to rescue and comfort his children.

We ought to get rid of our doubts and fears and all our gloom even if it takes an Easter earthquake to accomplish it. Some have come to Easter day bowed down with tender and sacred burdens because they have buried their own loved ones in the grave. But Easter is a precious day for such grief. It speaks of the dawning after the night. It speaks of the angel with the face of lightning and the white raiment. It speaks of a grave broken open and the dead brought back to life. It speaks of victory over death and of a life which is forever. The disciples never thought about Jesus as having any relation to that grave after Easter. Joseph's tomb was no longer a sacred Mecca to them. They looked on high for their ascended Lord. When Stephen, the first of the Christian martyrs, was being stoned to death, he kneeled down and looking up to heaven with glowing face exclaimed, "I see Jesus." And so those of us whose loved ones, dear to our hearts beyond all the power of words to tell, have fallen asleep in Jesus, ought not today to seek the living among the dead. Let us look on high for our loved ones are there. The little children whom we lost out of our arms in the midst of the sweet and happy prattle of their childhood, has not Christ said that their angels do always behold the face of the Heavenly Father? They are not lost. They are not neglected. They are in the heart of heaven. They are in the presence of the King. The dear old saints, and the strong and happy youths who have gone before us—they, too, are glorified. They are in a land where there is no night, nor sickness, nor sighing; where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; where there shall be no hunger, nor thirst nor weariness nor winter storms; but where they shall rejoice in immortal strength. And we are on the way. We are not marching toward nothingness. We are not staggering on to an endless sleep. We are not making a pilgrimage to the grave. We are the children of the risen Lord. We are on our way to heaven. God help us day by day to so enter into fellowship with our resurrected Saviour

and King, to so live in the spirit of Christ and in the spiritual atmosphere of the heavenly life, that we shall feel within us the power of his resurrection and shall have as the best evidence of all that Christ is risen from the dead, in the fact that our own hearts are risen into the higher life.

The Psalmist said: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." It is to those hills to which we must look for our strength and help, and toward which we must look for rest.

"Hemmed in by the eternal hills,
Life's pathway through the valley lies,
And bleak hillside and dizzy peak
Shut out the brightness of the skies.
A ceaseless throng this pathway tread,
One watchword have they and one quest,
To pass from out the toilsome vale
To where above the hills is rest.

"With faces to the setting sun,
We all, perforce, must pass this way,
For 'neath the tender morning skies,
Or 'neath the noontide's fervid ray,
Or when the sunset's crimson glow
With glory crowns the mountain crest,
Or quivering moonbeams lie athwart,
The valley hath no place of rest.

"To mossy bank, or leafy nook,
Our wandering footsteps oft are led,
But when we reach its welcome shade,
A fairer one lies just ahead;
Thus toiling ever, on and on,
Hope slowly dying in the breast,
We learn that always, just beyond
Our grasp, lies happiness and rest.

"Short-sighted plodders are we all,
Our vision bounded by earth's hills;
The shady path by mountain side,
The flowery summit, too, hath ills,
But far beyond the loftiest peak,
Where heaven's blue blends with mountain crest.
Above earth's sordid cares and aims,
In heaven, and there alone, is rest.

"A moment's lifting of the veil,
As lifts the mist from mountain dome,
And from the 'palace of the King'
Sweet voices woo the wanderers home;
The faces of our loved and lost
Are smiling welcome from the west,
And down the valley sweet and clear,
Rings out, 'Above the hills is rest.'"

GOD'S DOORKEEPER.

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—Psalm 84: 10.

The supreme delusion into which the devil leads men is to make them believe that the results of wickedness form a more substantial and reliable basis than righteousness for the every-day experiences of practical life. How common it is when you urge upon a worldly man the righteousness of a great cause which is before the people, to have him say, "Oh yes, that is all very well in theory, as a matter of abstract principle I will admit that you are right. But for this practical, rough-and-tumble life of ours, one must be satisfied with something a little less fine than that." Now the devil has the man by the throat whenever he is ready to admit that righteousness of conduct is too good for every-day wear, and that in the trying experiences of life the shady, timeserving policies of iniquity will do the better service.

The Psalmist has it right when he says that wickedness lives in a tent, but God and righteousness live in a solid house. And he declares that he would rather be a doorkeeper in God's house than to dwell as a guest, or as the master, in the tents of wickedness. Put the emphasis on this fact in all your thinking about this subject, that every wicked man or sinful woman in the world is living in a fragile tent that is likely to be torn with the wind at any time, and is certain to be finally desolated and destroyed. Some people seem to think that a man can afford to get wealth at any price, and that if he has plenty of money that insures happiness. And despite all the tragedies of wealthy sinners, constantly going on before our eyes, showing that the path of the transgressor is just as hard to the rich man as to the poor man, Satan constantly palms off that falsehood on the youth of our time. But nothing could be farther from the truth. The rich man may live in a silk tent, and the poor man in one made of rude canvas, but the harsh winds of remorse or judgment will tear the one as quickly as the other. A millionaire died the other day in New York city. He had had an abundance of wealth all his life. He had dwelt at the most fashionable hotels, and had known everything that travel under luxurious conditions and a luxurious life at home could possibly bring to him in a worldly or physical way. He was a man of some intellectuality, also, and had been able to surround himself with many of those things that are supposed to please the intelligent mind; and yet, when he came to die, these were his dying words: "I have never known happiness." One of the citizens of our own city has but this week slain his fellow man, and his home is wrapped in sorrow and gloom, his life is blighted and desolate, and all his riches and all the luxurious appointments which his money can buy have no power to bring peace. Believe me, the Psalmist was right; sin is a fragile tent which will not stand the winds of life.

But, thank God, something is secure. He who dwells with God lives in a house with solid foundations. I do not blame the Psalmist that he would rather have a position as a

doorkeeper there, than to be master of a tent of wickedness that is certain to go down before that storm, which shall beat all sin to the earth.

Let us study for a little the suggestions that may come to us from this expression, "A doorkeeper in the house of my God." In the large sense the house of God is the temple of righteousness, of goodness, and a man is brought into the house of God when he forsakes the frail tent of his sins and through repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ finds forgiveness and enters into peace. And any man who by his devotion to God, his love for humanity, his self-denying earnestness of spirit, is able to lead another out of sorrow, or doubt, or ignorance, or sin, and bring him into the light where he shall see God aright and come into harmony with him, that man is in deed and in truth a doorkeeper in the house of his God.

I was reading the other day a story in one of our recent magazines which gave a little biographical sketch of a young physician. He had been in a medical school where there was in the faculty one man, named Alden, who was full of enthusiasm and noble ideals in regard to the splendid opportunities for service and helpfulness which are before the young physician. He was a magnetic man, and, believing in his message with all his heart, he caught the imagination of every true young man in the class and inspired him with something of his own nobility of character. The young doctor in question had been a receptive nature for this noble man to work upon, and he had gone out from the college to the work of his life with the highest ideals and with the noblest purpose to fulfill them in the work of his career. Like many another young professional man, he had his starving period, and it continued for a good while; his clothes got seedy, and the slow waiting day after day wore upon him in every way. In the midst of all this a successful humbug, who was a disgrace to the very name of doctor, but who was getting rich with a new fad, desiring the weight of this young man's honorable name, offered him a partnership, and a guarantee of several thousand dollars a year from the start. It was a terrible temptation. It was the same old temptation that Jesus knew, when in his hunger the devil said to him, "Command that these stones be made bread." The discouraged and despairing young physician was terribly shaken, and felt within him the cruel pressure of the evil temptation, but just then there came to his mind a vision of his old professor in the school. He saw again that glowing face, and seemed to hear the ring of his voice as he urged them to be true to their noble vocation. "No!" he thundered to the proposition of the tempter, and as he walked away he said aloud to himself, "Oh, Alden! That was a noble leaven that you put into my life. It will not let me go to the bad even when I want to." Who will not say that that medical professor was God's doorkeeper?

Many a teacher in the public school and in the college have the same precious opportunity, and many of them seize upon it with wonderful skill. Dr. Albert S. Hunt, for so many years the agent of the American Bible Society, was in his early years an instructor in the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut. And during those years scores of young men, some of them among the grandest workers for God and humanity in the world, were led into the house of God by this young teacher-doorkeeper. Bishop Foss says that Dr. Hunt watched his chance and then, seizing hold at the proper time, in a few moments led him to give his heart to Christ. "And," says the grateful Bishop, "when I get to heaven I will tell the wondering angels, who never had such experience, what Albert S. Hunt did for me that day."

The opportunity to be God's doorkeeper is always at hand when we live in that attitude toward God and toward our fellow men. In the recent biography of Bishop Phillips Brooks there is this sweet little story: A poor woman, whose business was to scrub the floors of Trinity church, came to him about the marriage of her daughter, asking the use of the chapel. "Why not take the church?" "But that is not for the likes of me." "Oh, yes, it is for the likes of you, and the likes of me, and the likes of every one. The rich people, when they get married, want to fling their money about; but that is not necessary to be married in Trinity Church." And so the marriage took place in Trinity Church, and the great organ was played as if it was the wedding of the daughter of the rich. Ah, it was such deeds as that, and it was the spirit that prompted such deeds as that, that made Phillips Brooks the greatest doorkeeper for God in all New England in his day.

The opportunities are infinite; it is only the spirit and the will that are lacking when we fail to be the doorkeeper of God to our brethren.

Not long since a certain business man, living in one of our large cities, had in his employ a young man who was away from home, and had been away just long enough to get very lonely and homesick. As he came out of church on a pleasant Sunday morning, a rather fast young man whom he had met in business said to him, "John, you're a stranger. Come with me out to ——— Beach. The nice young men all go there. You can read or play games, just whatever you like. And there you will hear some of the finest singing in the city."

John hesitated, and was just saying tremblingly, "I-I think I will go!" when a kindly hand was placed on his shoulder.

"Come home with us to dinner," said his employer.

John hesitated. The temptation to go away for the Sunday dissipation was great. Then his mother's face seemed to come before him, a sweet face from heaven it was, too.

He excused himself to his young acquaintance, and said to his employer, "Mr. Irwin, I will go with you, and I thank you for your kind invitation."

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Irwin received a letter from John's home. "I want

to thank you," they read, "for your kindness to my boy. His own mother is dead, but I am trying to fill her place. John wrote me how he was on the point of going to one of your fashionable resorts, and how your kind invitation saved him. He says he thinks that was the turning-point in his life. May God bless you."

Mr. Irwin read and re-read the letter, then very tenderly folded it and put it away with a "Keepsake" letter he once received from his own mother.

"Frank," said his wife, "we did not know that our invitation to dinner that Sunday meant all that to John."

"No," replied the man of business, "but I think God knew." That couple were God's doorkeepers that day, though they knew it not; and not a day passes but every one of us has some opportunity, and sometimes many opportunities, to be a doorkeeper for the Lord.

If we are to be God's doorkeeper there are some simple things we ought to cultivate. I have often noticed what a difference there is in doorkeepers. Some doorkeepers have such harsh and forbidding faces that they give you the impression they are there not to let people in but to keep them out. The face is hateful and the voice harsh. Again, there are other doorkeepers with voice so kind and gentle, and smiles so full of sympathy and welcome, that one would be tempted to go out of his way to be let in by such a keeper of the door. Let us remember that God does not need us to be watch-dogs, to keep people out of his house; we must be doorkeepers of a nobler kind; we must be the kind of doorkeepers that make people want to come in. In order to do that we need to cultivate a kind voice. It is possible to say nice things in a voice that robs them of nearly if not quite all their beauty. Some one has well said that there is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice; it is hard to get it, and to keep it in the right tone. One needs to start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, to get and keep a voice which shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. How important this is at home, and in schools where little children are, for the tone is always more than the word to a little child. If we are going to be God's doorkeepers to little children, then be sure that something of the gentleness of heaven must creep into our voices and mellow our tones when we speak to them.

We ought to get sweeter and more beautiful, as doorkeepers for God, as we get older. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," calls attention to the fact that a violin, when new, does not give out the sweetness of tone that comes from it when its several parts have been together many years; its newness causes a certain crudeness of tone that can be removed only by age and use. It ought to be that way with us. As life passes on, instead of yielding to the little aches and infirmities of the flesh and becoming sour and peevish and cross we ought—and blessed be to God, in his divine economy we can by his grace always do what we ought—to become more patient and forbearing and gentle, and better adapted in every way to be charming and sympathetic doorkeepers into the house of God. As the goodness of God piles up, an accumulated garner of mercies for many years, our own dispositions should grow sweeter. One of the loveliest things ever written about Queen Victoria is in the recently published diary of the Duchess of Teck, which contains this remarkable quotation from the Queen: "God has been so good to me that now, in my old age, I want to confess that I have not any dislikes." May the goodness, the gentleness, of God to us work the same blessed result in all our hearts!

JOHN BROWN AND CARRIE NATION:

An Historical Parallel. A Discussion of the Past, Present, and Probable Future History of the War against the Saloon.

"So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which were already dead more than the living which are yet alive."—Eccles. 4: 1, 2.

"And the fifth angel poured out his vial upon the seat of the beast; and his kingdom was full of darkness; and they gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven because of their pains and their sores, and repented not of their deeds."—Rev. 16: 10, 11.

I count it one of the memories of my life worth recalling that in Music Hall, Boston, I once had the privilege of hearing Frederick Douglass deliver his famous lecture on John Brown. In the great audience were faces here and there that fired the soul with memories of the olden time. True some seats were vacant. They had already gone home. Sumner was not there, Wendell Phillips was absent, Emerson's place was empty; but the white head of the old Quaker poet was a shrine to which many fond eyes turned, the son of William Lloyd Garrison looked on from one balcony and a son of Gilbert Haven from another. The historic center, however, was the orator himself. One could not imagine a more impressive figure than Frederick Douglass in those days. He is the only man I ever saw who filled my ideal of the old Hebrew prophets.

The lecturer and the theme were accorded the greatest welcome and the highest honor. The Governor of the State introduced Douglass with an eloquent speech. He contrasted that time with a quarter of a century before, and assured the orator of his welcome to Massachusetts. "Her doors," he said, "are wide flung open, not to run out of for safety, but to come in to stay."

In a very large part of the civilized world Frederick Douglass would have been given

very much the same sort of welcome to a lecture on John Brown—for John Brown, the rioter, the leader of a mob, the man who undertook to steal chattles, and violate the sacred laws of property, and did kill in the attempt, and was hanged for it, has most surely been lifted up into a place of everlasting glory in the minds of the truest and noblest men and women of modern civilization in all lands.

I want to parallel the story of John Brown with the story of Mrs. Carrie Nation, who is just now leading a forlorn hope as dangerous and against a foe as foul and deadly as that which led to the death of John Brown.

In the first place, John Brown was an ordinary man in many ways. He was a man of only ordinary intelligence, without anything unusual in the way of education or scholarship. He was a comparatively unknown man. He was a man without much money and without influential friends. He was not beautiful to look at; there was no particular charm about his person; he was just a common, ordinary man, who hated human slavery with all the power and force of his nature, and who believed that God wanted him to give his life, if it were necessary, on the altar of freedom. He believed that his death would hasten the cause of liberty. So he freely gave himself as a sacrifice.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, if one may trust the pictures that come to us in the papers, is not specially proud of her beauty. There is nothing very fascinating or charming about her personal presence. She is also an unknown woman; she is not a great orator; she does not seem to be a genius in any way. She is just a woman—a good, honest, ordinary, Christian woman, who loves God and Jesus Christ, and hates the liquor saloon, and the liquor traffic, with all the concentrated force of her woman's nature, and believes that God has called her to thrust herself into the breach, and help on the cause of sobriety and human freedom from the oppression of the liquor saloon, even if she lays her life on the altar of sacrifice.

John Brown broke the law. There is no doubt about that. He smashed the law as openly as Mrs. Carrie Nation smashes plate glass windows in Kansas saloons. I remember Frederick Douglass saying, in the lecture to which I have referred, that "judged by itself alone, the raid on Harper's Ferry was a great crime." "But," said the orator, "it cannot be judged alone. The cry that went up from the startled and terrified inhabitants of Harper's Ferry was but the echo of that other cry which began two hundred years before, when the man-hunter first set foot in the quiet African villages. The raid on Harper's Ferry was contracted for when the first slave-ship landed on these shores."

So, it is also true that Mrs. Nation is breaking the law. I am no defender of lawlessness. I am no believer in mob violence. Nevertheless, let us remember this, that every saloon in Kansas is a lawless institution. Every saloonkeeper there is an outlaw. It is as though some lawless wild beast, some man-eating tiger that had escaped from a menagerie, had made his den in a Kansas town, and stealthily, but persistently, and with devilish cunning, lured young boys and girls, and grown men, husbands and fathers, into his den, and sent them out again, shamefully marred by his cruel claws. Would you blame the mothers of the town, when the men did not have backbone enough, if they went with clubs and knives and destroyed that tiger, though they destroyed the best building in town, that had been given up to him by some greedy miser who cared more for money than for boys, as his den? Do not forget that that is the status of the liquor saloon in Kansas at the present time.

There is another thing worth our consideration. Douglass said of Harper's Ferry that "taken alone it was a great crime, but it could not be taken alone." The slave ship with its groans, and its stench, and its dead thrown overboard to the sharks, the auction block, the lash, the rice swamp, and all the horrid, cruel possibilities of a vile and wicked institution for hundreds of years, went along with Harper's Ferry and John Brown.

So Mrs. Nation's smashing of a lawless liquor joint in Wichita or of a gilded palace of the whiskey devil in Topeka, cannot be judged by itself. There is a story of woe behind it sad enough to break the heart of any man who has not a heart of stone. Behind that hatchet that smashes the plate-glass window of that den of iniquity there are scenes of sorrow and agony as terrible as anything that African slavery ever knew. Slavery sometimes did horrible things indeed. Occasionally a husband was separated from the wife, and father and mother from their children. Yet that was rare. But is it rare under the oppressions of the liquor traffic? No, indeed. For every family broken up and scattered by the auction block under African slavery there are a dozen families and more, white as well as black, rich and cultivated as well as poor and ignorant, from the mansion as well as from the tenement house, that are separated and scattered in shame and disgrace by the cruel, devilish work of the liquor saloon.

For centuries the most cruel pressure of the liquor traffic has fallen upon womanhood. No woman has been safe. No woman today is so hedged about by wealth or nurturing circumstances that she can say with any just reason, "The liquor traffic cannot reach my fortress, it cannot tear down the citadel of my happiness." Women have been wooed by clear-minded, healthy-bodied, true-hearted young men; have given them their all of affection and service and have borne them children, only to find at middle age that the allurements of the licensed liquor saloon have clouded the mind and debased the heart and deadened the affections of the husband and father. And at least, after twenty-five years of toil and devotion, bearing and enduring such horrors as only a drunkard's wife and the merciful God in heaven can know, have been turned out to face old age, poor, broken and wrecked pieces of humanity. What do you think are such a woman's feelings about

the liquor saloon? Do you wonder that she hates it? Oh, my God, no! I have no wonder of that sort; my only wonder is that there is a saloon left standing in America.

John Brown was left to stand alone so far as influential forces were concerned, very much as Mrs. Nation is. The leading political newspapers in the country repudiated him and called him a fool; the great politicians declared he was a fanatic or worse; most of the preachers and the churches denounced him; very few of the most rabid anti-slavery men dared to utter an outspoken word in his favor.

Mrs. Carrie Nation confronts largely the same situation today. Most of the great newspapers denounce her; the politicians say that she is a fool or a fanatic; most of the preachers and churches, and the great majority of temperance workers and temperance people are either silent or apologetic, as for a poor soul whose brain has been turned and who is scarcely accountable for what she does.

But John Brown was a seed sown in the hearts of mankind, and the slave power never had a peaceable hour after he was hanged. They dared not let him live, and they were afraid to kill him. I never shall forget how Frederick Douglass seemed to tower aloft, in his great lecture on John Brown, when he said: "The question has been often asked, why Virginia, with a grand magnanimity, did not spare John Brown? But they had a thing down there, and that thing could not stand the life of John Brown! Virginia could not let such a man live! He had attacked slavery. He had practically illustrated a sentiment higher than Virginia had ever known. Her own Patrick Henry loved liberty for the rich and great; John Brown loved liberty for the poor and lowly. It was not white man dying for white man; it was Caucasian for Ethiopian; it was white man for black man. He was no slave, no chain marred his arm!" (Here the orator's presence and voice became electric, nothing could surpass the majesty of his appearance as he thrilled our souls with the splendid utterance that followed). "He came down from the heaven of New England liberty to the hell of African slavery! He gave his life as the best gift he could lay on the altar of human liberty!"

Gilbert Haven, afterwards Bishop, whom nothing ever scared out of his principles, preaching in Cambridge, Massachusetts, while the fate of John Brown hung in the balance, said: "Let us not be discouraged. This deluge of hell has heard a voice; it will obey, saying, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and there shall thy proud waves be stayed.' The very dilemma of the captors of these men is itself propitious. They dare not hang them; they dare not release them; if they pardon John Brown, it is saying to all the world, 'We are verily guilty. Any man may come among us, invite our slaves to assume their freedom, give them arms to defend that freedom, and even slay those who seem to oppose it, and yet we dare not hang him. Why? Because we know he is right, and we are wrong.' They can never defend their system again if John Brown is allowed to live. If he dies, if he mounts the scaffold for freedom, which may heaven prevent, he will slay the monster which thus seems to slay him. He will make the scaffold in this land as sacred and potent as it became in England when Vane and Sydney, and Russell, mounted it. Such a thrill and indignation of remorse will freeze the soul of every man, North and South, slaveholder and abolitionist, as never struck through the heart of a great Christian nation before. * * * * * Out of that death life will leap; life for those miserable millions now worse than dead. To his memory honors will be paid; statues will bear his stern, mild features to posterity."

John Brown himself had the prophet's thought about his own mission. He knew that dead, he would be a thousandfold more powerful than alive, and to those with whom he talked he said: "I am worth inconceivably more to hang than for any other purpose." How splendidly have all these prophecies been realized!

And hear me, while I, who do not claim to be a prophet, or the son of a prophet, call your attention to the parallel in the case we are studying. Mrs. Nation says: "Stone me, kill me, take my life if you will, but I represent outraged motherhood, and wifehood, and womanhood, and if I die, God will raise up multitudes of others to take my place!" You may laugh at those words as the words of a fanatic, as most of the people did at John Brown's, but in my judgment they are sure words of prophecy.

The saloonkeepers of Kansas are situated exactly as the slave-holders were in Virginia in regard to John Brown. If they let Mrs. Nation go on, then they are inviting everybody that will come in and destroy their fixtures and their liquors. Why? Because they are wrong and she is right. But suppose they kill her? They boast that they have hired ruffians in every saloon in Topeka to murder her. One shot at her twice the other day, not ten feet distant. Suppose they grow desperate and take her life? I tell you that Carrie Nation dead by the bullet of a saloonkeeper will mean a hundred thousand Carrie Nations in Kansas, and there will be such a revival of temperance sentiment in the United States as we have not seen in our generation.

The liquor traffic will never see another hour's peace in this country. Carrie Nation has called an alarm that I believe we have been getting ready to hear. All over this land there has been through all these years, while the tide seemed to be ebbing outward from us, a growing hatred against the liquor saloon. Any railroad man will tell you that every year it gets harder, and comes nearer to an impossibility for a man to get employment on the railroads who is known to go inside of a liquor saloon. Every year there are added manufacturing plants, of every sort and kind, where the fact that a man drinks, or goes near a liquor saloon, is a bar to employment. In spite of all its pride of power, which has been manifest in the army canteen, and in its boast of control of great politicians, and

officers of government, there are every year more men and women and children in the United States that hate and abominate and loathe the very idea and name of the liquor saloon!

God has his own ways of bringing about reformation. The old anti-slavery people wanted to bring about the freedom of the slaves without war. As public sentiment grew thousands of people who longed for freedom to come to this land still imagined that it would come in some peaceable way. But God decreed otherwise. There had been a good deal of blood let by the lash of slavery, and the horrors of slave-hunters, and God made us pay back for it with blood of our own upon the altar. There had been a great many fortunes built up by slave labor, but I want to ask you how many of them were left after the war? I pray God that the liquor traffic may be abolished from America without bloodshed, and yet, who dares prophesy that it shall be so? There has been a good deal of blood let in these long years by brutal husbands and fathers, who in drunken frenzy have murdered wife and children. Who knows but God will call upon those who have been indifferent to it to measure out their own in payment? There have been a great many fortunes made out of the liquor traffic. Who knows but God will call upon these men to pour out their millions to pay the war debt that may be necessary to exterminate this monster? You may say it is wild talk, but parallel it with the story of John Brown, and the battle for the overthrow of slavery, and see if it looks so wild after all.

There is a tremendous call coming today to the church of Jesus Christ, in all denominations, to do her duty. The church is not doing her duty. The Church says: "The liquor traffic never can be legalized without sin!" and then she goes straight on helping to legalize it. The church is not living up to its light. I do not believe that the glowing prophecies which we hear on every hand of a great and far-reaching revival of religion—which God knows we need badly enough—will come to the Christian church until she does her duty in regard to this monster crime of our time. If we did not know better it would be different, but God's Word declares that he that knoweth his Lord's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. God has not one law for sinners outside of the church, and another for the church. If the church wants a great outpouring of divine grace that shall save the children and youth of the land, she must do her duty, and crush out the liquor saloon, the mightiest foe of God and man on the face of the earth.

Even while we sit here the saloon is eating into the vital life and happiness of homes upon every side of us. I never shall forget a young lawyer saying to me, not long ago, with tear-wet eyes, "The most heart-breaking thing I ever had to do was to go into the Police Court to defend my own father for intoxication." Take that home to your hearts, and put yourself in his place, and think what that means? A man died the other day, not far off, and a few days afterwards, on being inquired of as to why her house was to be sold, his widow said: "Oh, it has all got to go. Ten years ago my husband had several thousand dollars in the bank; a business worth ten thousand dollars a year, and our beautiful home, elegantly furnished, all our own. The money has long since gone from the bank; the business is nearly entirely wasted, and the house is mortgaged for more than it is worth." And the listener knew that what added still a bitterer dreg to that woman's cup of anguish was the fact that she has two children, one a miserable cripple and the other an idiot, as an inheritance from that drunken husband and father.

Brothers, sisters, let us live up to our knowledge on this great question. Let us live as though it were, indeed and in truth, God's world, and not the devil's. I believe God's time has come to hear the cries that have gone up from this poor old suffering earth. Let us rise and work as though it were true. What though it does mean self-denial; what though it mean to be misunderstood and misjudged and abused. Does anybody doubt where Jesus Christ would stand if he were here? Surely we are not greater than our Lord. Let us share his faith; let us stand by his weak ones against the oppressor. Is there no longer red blood enough in our veins that we can respond to the great words of Lowell:

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses while the crowd stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

"By the light of burning heretics, Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries, ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which in prophet hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

"For Humanity sweeps onward; where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."